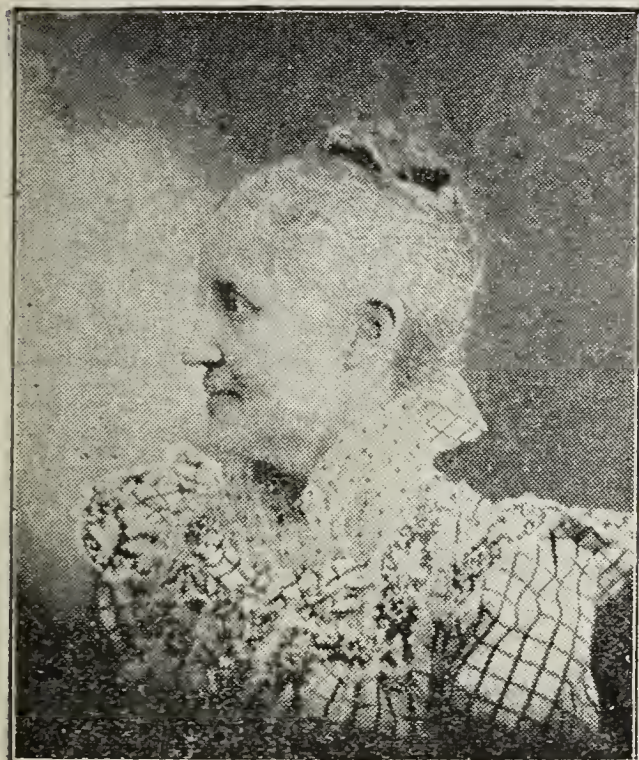


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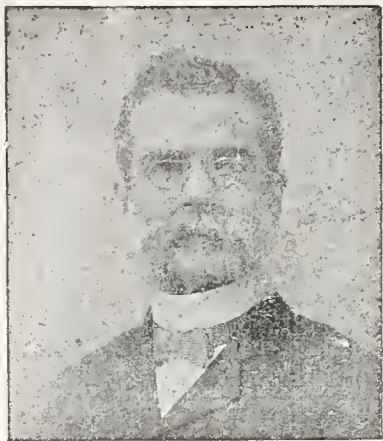
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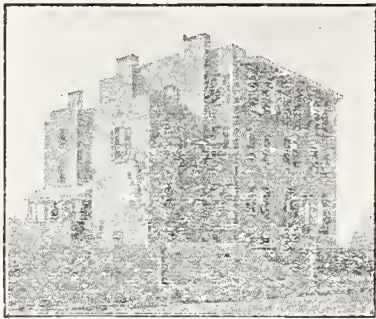
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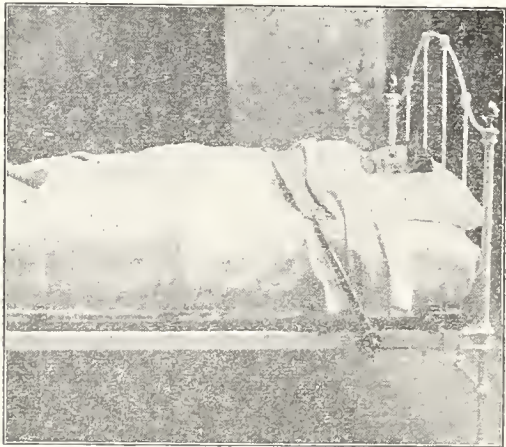
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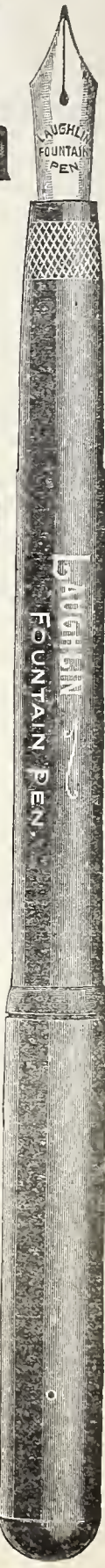
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A JOURNAL OF HUMAN CULTURE AND HYGEIO-THERAPY.

Old Series Vol. 17, No. 12.

DECEMBER, 1904.

New Series Vol. 5, No. 8.

EDITORIAL.

The Character Builder uses the reformed spelling recommended by the National Educational Association.

SEVENTEEN VOLUMES COMPLETED.

For seventeen years the Character Builder and its predecessors have gone out each month with a message of truth and life. Our magazine now goes to all parts of the world where the English language is spoken. There has been a steady growth in the Character Builder, and each year it is receiving the co-operation of a greater number of intelligent citizens. As the magazine is free from sectarian and partisan influences, people of all parties and creeds can unite in this work for better citizenship, and for more complete development of the race physically, socially, intellectually, morally, and spiritually.

We are now sending out about 60,000 copies of the Character Builder a year, besides several thousand books on human culture. We are determined to greatly increase this number, because every home needs such publications and many are without them. As long as vice, crime, pauperism, disease and other personal and social defects are as common as they are today, there will be great need for the Character Builder and our other publications.

The burden of the work has thus far been upon a few impoverished brain-workers, who depend upon their work for their daily bread, but a number of intelligent men and women who see the need of such a work have given it their support by purchasing one, two or more shares of stock, for which they will receive full value if they have the reading habit. We invite others to join and thus

aid in making the work more effective. Twenty dollars will purchase two shares of stock and will give a life subscription to the magazine, besides a life membership in the Human Culture agency, which saves its members money on good books and magazines. Everybody is invited to co-operate in this work of human culture.

EVILS OF WAR.

An overwhelming sentiment against war is developing in all parts of the civilized world. This sentiment is pronounced among men who know the horrors of war. At the recent Peace meeting held at Barratt Hall, Salt Lake City, Major Richard W. Young was introduced by Governor Wells, and said, among other things:

"It is rather strange for the committee to offer a fighting man to their mild-eyed goddess of peace. In view of which I may have prepared a terrible revenge.

"I might say that I believe war is necessary for the strength of a nation, but I do not believe this. It is the spirit of a nation which makes it great in war or in peace.

"War wastes the land. It means a departure of loved ones; it means the manufacture of weapons; it means the transfer of the idle to worse than idleness; it means sending the pure to vice; it means sickness, exposure, the roar and crash of shells, the crippled frame, the depletion of the manhood of the land, the making of widows and orphans, and the giving rein to the savage impulses of man's nature, the debauching and ruining of the innocent, the breaking of homes.

"There are societies to protect the weak from the strong; there are societies

to protect the infant's rights from the adult, but this is not the case with nations.

"The war purely for conquest is rare now. Napoleon is the only monstrous incarnation of war in our time. Since the Ammonites came with their doctrine of 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' there has been a change to the doctrine of Christ, 'Love thine enemy' as thyself."

"I believe the problem of peace among nations is to be solved by religion and education. The answer is education, and education, and still education.

"The press has a tremendous power in this. Rulers speak principally thru the press. Newspaper may inflame the people's minds to passion. Could not these things be expressed in less inflammable terms?"

The recent Peace Congress, held at Boston, was attended by eminent men from all civilized countries. Here are a few extracts from the speeches made there.

Monsieur Schaic, Hague representative and senator of Belgium, said: "Those who know war are not those who make war. They sit quietly at home who send others to be crushed and maimed on the battlefields, and who spend the money which they themselves do not pay. They know nothing of the miseries they entail on others. Here in America forty-five states exist in unity. How long will it be before the states of Europe may do the same? How long before the people shall say to their rulers: 'Stop your wars and your armaments—we want men to walk in peace together?'"

The delegate from Norway said: "It has been said that great armies prepare the way for peace, but that is one of the lies that has blinded the old world. They are obstacles to peace. You have proved that it is not the greatest nations that gain the victory."

A. B. Farquhar, LL.D., of York, Pennsylvania, said: "Benjamin Franklin summed up the matter when he declared that 'there never was a good war nor a bad peace.' The worst of the evils

of war is the infernal legacy of hatred and vengeance to which there is no end. In these very days we see the progressive embitterment of warfare exemplified at Port Arthur. When the siege began there were kind offices between the foes—care for the wounded, etc. Now, if report be true, the contest has made them demons—flags of truce violated, the dead left unburied, the wounded left to die uncared for."

General Miles said: "The settlement of international controversies by the dread arbitration of war involves the destruction of tens of thousands, and sometimes hundreds of thousands, of the young men of both countries. . . . To illustrate what has been the sacrifice to the demon of carnage, it is estimated that the wars to gratify the ambition of Bonaparte cost Europe five million lives and the devastation of many countries. In our great civil war more than one million five hundred thousand young men enlisted before they were twenty-one years of age, many leaving home for the first time never to return. More than half a million of the very flower of America's young manhood went to untimely graves in that terrible conflict—that was a loss to the nation that never can be regained."

The heaven is working, and the present indications are that a more humane method of settling international difficulties will soon take the place of brutal wars.

TRUTH VINDICATED.

The St. Louis Medical and Surgical Journal of November, 1904, contains an article on the "History of Cerebral Localization," by Charles K. Mills, M. D., of Philadelphia, from which we quote the following:

"The initiation of the modern era in cerebral localization should be attributed to two men of notably different characteristics, Francis Joseph Gall and Sir Charles Bell. Some might be inclined to dispute this assertion in so far as it relates to Gall. . . altho he indicated, with

data drawn from clinicopathology as well as from his supposed correlation of the faculty of language to a portion of the skull, the position of the speech center, later fixed with more scientific precision by Broca.

"Before the time of Gall and Bell, views regarding the localization of faculties in the brain were always hazy and sometimes extraordinary. The general tendency of the ancients and of the writers and teachers up to a comparatively modern period, was to give to the spaces of the brain, to its chambers and corridors, first importance in the localization of its functions or controlling agencies. This was largely due to prevailing metaphysical and theological views. Hippocrates placed the seat of the mind in the left ventricle. Erasistratus believed that air, after undergoing elaboration in the lungs and heart, was converted in the ventricles of the brain into animal spirits which pervaded and controlled the body; and Servetus, in the sixteenth century, taught that the choroid plexus secreted the animal spirits, that the fourth ventricle was the seat of memory, and that the soul dwelt in the sylvian aqueduct. When the philosophers began to assign the seat of mental or spiritual attributes to the solid portions of the brain they still showed their transcendental tendencies, as when Descartes in the seventeenth century assigned the soul to the pineal gland. Bruno in the sixteenth century taught that the soul had its seat wherever there was a sensation. Up to a comparatively recent period, from which we have not entirely escaped, the brain has been regarded by many as a single organ, one which acts as a whole; also until a period which only briefly antedated the discoveries of Fritsch and Hitzig and of Ferrier, the microcosm theory of cerebral functions, the doctrine that in each part of the brain resided the functions of the entire mass, largely prevailed."

Dr. Mills read the paper from which the above is quoted, before the Philadelphia County Medical Society, May 25,

1904, and contributed other papers on the same subject. It is encouraging to friends of truth and justice to see orthodox writers give due credit to Dr. Gall for the important service he rendered humanity in discovering the only correct analysis of the mind and in associating the various mental powers with the brain centers thru which they operate. The discoveries of Dr. Gall and his successors are the birthright of every child, and the time must soon come when every school will give its pupils this birthright.

PEDANTRY.

It is very encouraging to have authorities on a subject express an opinion in harmony with the views that one has long held concerning that subject. Many persons believe that there is much pedantry in current medical study and practice. In the *Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette* of November, 1904, the following belief is expressed:

"In a professional sense, we see a great many physicians who waste both time and money in acquiring knowledge that is practically worthless when they get it. It may consist of solid facts and perfectly logical conclusions, but it has no practical, artistic, or even sentimental relation to anything on earth or in the heavens. Its acquirement may be called learning, but since it avails nobody anything, it must be set down as learning in the wrong place.

"In all the sciences there are hundreds of established facts that are possibly in a faint degree curious, but are so utterly useless when hunted down that every moment of time spent in acquiring them is worse than wasted. It is this kind of professional learning that may be called professional pedantry."

If the *Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette* or some other medical journal will state specifically where that waste of time is and how it can be remedied a real service will have been rendered and humanity will be indebted to the person or magazine rendering such service.

BROWN'S EXAMPLE.

"There," said Brown, with a shake of his head,
 "I've painted the house and the barn and the
 shed!
 The fence has been fixed, the lawn's been
 mowed,
 But I do wish the town would fix up that road,
 It's a shame, I call it, just plain and flat,
 That we have to drive over roads like that!
 I'll wait no longer, I'll start today
 And fix my part of it anyway."

Now Brown was one of those fellows who,
 When they start a thing just 'rush it thru,
 And a week or two after, as Neighbor Jones
 Was driving home with his pair of roans,
 Brown's road was dry, while his own, next door,
 Was mud to the depth of a foot or more.
 "Look here," said Jones, "I'll let Brown see
 That I can build roads as well as he!"

Now Neighbor Smith, who lives below,
 Saw Jones repairing his road, and so
 He fixed up his to be 'in the game,"
 And Neighbor Robinson did the same.
 And soon every householder in the town
 Was trying his best to "beat out Brown,"
 And now, when the town committee meets
 To talk of roads, they call them "streets."

The moral this tale to the reader brings,
 Applies to roads and other things.
 Reforms, like snowballs, will keep on growing
 If somebody only sets them going.
 —Farmer's Voice.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold:—
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?"—the vision raised his
 head,
 And with the look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the
 Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
 The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
 It came again with a great awakening light,
 And shew'd the names whom love of God had
 blessed,
 And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

TWELVE LIBERAL OFFERS.

In order to encourage all delinquent subscribers to renew before the new year we are making some extremely liberal combination offers in this issue. In some of them the price is reduced more than one-half. Any subscriber may take advantage of these offers. There are excellent Christmas presents among them. You need the books and magazines; we need the money. We urge all delinquents to renew before New Year, as the Character Builder needs every dollar that is due it. Beginning January, 1905, the rule of paying in advance must be strictly enforced in justice to all.

This world would be a drearily silent place
 if people talked as little as they think.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PRACTICAL DIETETICS.—With reference to diet in disease, 311 pages, published by the author, Alida Frances Pattee, 52 West 39th Street, New York City, price \$1.50.

In this book the author treats of food; its object, food values and classifications, nourishment in acute diseases, feeding the sick, diet in infancy and gives practical suggestions for the nurse in the sick room, besides giving numerous recipes. The author is a trained nurse and has had much experience in the sick room. Many practical suggestions on the care and feeding of the sick are contained in the book, but some authorities on foods and dietetics do not agree with the author in the kinds of food selected for the sick. This question is receiving much careful study and research at present and before long there may be a greater unity of faith, if not knowledge, on these questions. When people become more ideal in their diet during health there will not be so much disease and they will be prepared for a more rational diet when they are ill. If that time comes during the life of the author of this book the diet recommended may be modified.

THE BRAIN BOOK AND HOW TO READ IT.—Being an exposition of phrenology in theory and practice, 520 pages, by H. C. Donovan, published by Jarrold & Sons, 10 and 11 Warwick Lane, E. C., London, England.

This book is different from any other book that has been written on the subject. It presents the art of reading character, from physical measurements, in a dignified and logical manner that will demand the respect and attention of all students of mind. The author of it is a son of the eminent Dr. Donovan, who wrote several volumes on the science and art of character study. If every parent and teacher in the world would study this book carefully and observe its teachings, our boys and girls would be trained in a more intelligent manner than at present. During the last ten years a number of helpful books on phrenology have been published by such eminent authors as Alfred Russell Wallace, W. Mattieu Williams, Dr. Hollander, Miss Fowler, Prof. Vaught and now this one by Mr. Donovan. It really appears that phrenology will soon be given its true position as the most useful of all the sciences.

If your subscription has expired you are earnestly solicited to renew immediately. We desire your co-operation to increase the influence of the Character Builder, and your dollar is very much needed to continue the good work. Send it immediately.

CHARACTER BUILDER SUPPL'T

Ring out the old !!! Ring in the new !!!!!

ANOTHER YEAR HAS GONE. WE CANNOT CHANGE THE PAST BUT THE FUTURE IS IN OUR HANDS. AS WE ENTER UPON THE NEW YEAR EACH ONE SHOULD ASK HIMSELF "WHAT AM I DOING TO IMPROVE MYSELF AND OTHERS"?

HUMANITY NEEDS YOUR BEST EFFORT. THE CAUSES OF DISEASE, VICE, CRIME, POVERTY MUST VANISH. YOU CAN HELP ABOLISH THEM

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Are you helping to fight the battles of humanity that will result in a more perfect manhood and womanhood, by removing the causes of vice, crime, disease, poverty and other abnormal social conditions that destroy personal happiness and retard the progress of true civilization? It is unpardonable to permit social evils to continue when the causes that produce them can be removed. Is there a pure moral atmosphere in your community that will cause the youth to grow up with pure minds and strong bodies? The more perfect life must come thru better obedience to the laws of heredity and thru proper training in the principles that govern the normal development of mind and body. Here is an opportunity to help in such a work.

For ten years the promoters of the Character Builder have labored unceasingly in behalf of social purity and health culture. In order to make the work more effective the Human Culture company was organized and the Character Builder established. It is now in its fifth year. One year ago it was consolidated with the Journal of Hygiene-Therapy, a magazine devoted to preventive and drugless medicine, which was published for seventeen years at Kokomo, Indiana, by Dr. Gifford and his associates.

Two years ago the circulation of the Character Builder was 4,500 per issue. It has continued to grow, reaching 6,200 copies per issue. The work done by the magazine has the approval of all sects and parties and is endorsed by progressive educators. The following testimonials are selected from a great number that have come to us, and indicate that there is a need for the work we are doing:

"I read the Character Builder with pleasure. If merit deserves to win, the Character Builder should live to old age."—N. L. Nelson, Prof. of English, B. Y. University, Provo, Utah, and author of "Preaching and Public Speaking."

"I like the Character Builder very much. It supplies a want in our common school curriculum which I have felt for years. Success to the Character Builder."—A. L. Larson, County Superintendent of Schools, Ephraim, Utah.

"I congratulate you on the appearance of your neat little journal, and wish you every success in your worthy undertaking."—Ida S. Dusenberry, Director of Kindergarten Training School, B. Y. University, Provo, Utah.

"I am very much interested in the Character Builder. It is an excellent magazine."—W. L. Secor, Dean of the College of Sciences, Ruskin University.

"I read the last number of the Character Builder and enjoyed it. You are doing a good work."—Editor "Human Culture," Chicago.

"One of the most earnest, honest, uplifting, soul-inspiring publications that comes to our exchange table is the Character Builder, published monthly by the Human Culture Co., John T. Miller, D. Sc., editor, 334 South Ninth East street, Salt Lake City, Utah. You cannot read a number of it without making new resolves. Its teaching thru and thru is for right and justice, unselfishness and education. The Character Builder is one of the brightest and cleanest and purest magazines with which we are familiar. Your boys and girls need it,"—Editor "Eclectic Medical Gleaner," Cincinnati, Ohio.

Besides publishing the Character Builder, the Human Culture company has issued 10,000 copies of "A Plain Talk to Boys," by Dr. N. N. Riddell, and 12,000 copies of "Child Culture," by Dr. J. T. Miller. Thousands of these books have been distributed and are creating great interest in the subjects treated. There is need for other books on these and kindred subjects. The work has been carried thus far by persons who depend upon their daily labor for the necessities of life and have made a great effort to establish this humanitarian educational work. In order to give others, who are interested in such a work, an opportunity to co-operate in it, the Human Culture company was incorporated for \$10,000, and the stock divided into 1,000 shares of \$10 each. One share of stock gives the pur-

chaser a membership for life in the company and entitles him to purchase books and subscribe for magazines thru the Agency at reduced rates; he also receives the Character Builder at half price. Two shares of stock entitle the holder to all the above and a free subscription to the Character Builder for life.

There are already about fifty members in the company. Among them is a state superintendent of public instruction, a city superintendent of school, several principals of academies and normal training schools, county superintendents or schools, physicians, merchants, attorneys and others who are interested in true education.

As there is no teachers' agency in the Intermountain region, the Character Builder's Educational Exchange has been established to aid competent teachers in finding good positions and to aid school officers in finding suitable teachers.

The Human Culture Lecture Bureau will be established in order to provide lectures for the cities and towns of the Intermountain region on the various branches of human science, at a minimum cost.

In order to bring the various branches of the science of correct living within the reach of all, the Human Culture College is being established to provide resident and correspondence courses in the following branches: Physical education, the principles of expression, anatomy, physiology, hygiene, sanitary science, household economics, hygiene for men, hygiene for women, heredity, dietetics, scientific cookery, the various branches of home and professional nursing, scientific phrenology, physiognomy, temperaments, the science of mind applied to teaching, civics, ethics, economics, sociology, and kindred studies. Students may begin this work at any time and go as rapidly as time and ability will permit. Beginning June 5, 1905, and continuing twelve weeks, a summer school, offering instruction especially adapted to the needs of teachers, will be held in Salt Lake City. The services of a number of specialists have already been secured for the work.

In order to make this effort as popular as it deserves to be, we need the co-operation of all who are interested in self-culture and social improvement. This work has been established for the good it will do, and all the money paid in will be used to increase the usefulness of the effort. There are several ways in which you can help the work along. Here are a few of them:

1. If you are not already a subscriber to the Character Builder, send \$1 for a year's subscription, or 60 cents for "Child Culture" and "A Plain Talk to Boys," or \$1.25 for the three.

2. If you are not a stockholder in the Human Culture company, you should purchase one or two shares of stock.

3. If you are a teacher and need the services of an agency, you should register in the Character Builder's Educational Exchange.

4. If you are a school officer and need a good teacher, write us and we will help you find one. Our services are free to you.

5. If you have anything that will benefit humanity, advertise it in the Character Builder.

6. If you desire to live more completely and help others to improve you can help the work and we can help you if you will pursue some of the courses offered by the Human Culture College. If you will send 40 new subscriptions to the Character Builder you can secure for your work a \$20 course of studies with all the required text-books.

7. If you are a reader of the Character Builder and like it you can help the work by recommending it to your friends and securing their co-operation.

If you finally reach the conclusion that you cannot at present purchase stock or aid in some of the other ways mentioned, you can at least send \$1 for a year's subscription to the Character Builder; it is full of thoughts and suggestions on physical, social, intellectual, moral and spiritual improvement, that are helpful to everybody.

Address: The Human Culture Co., 334 South Ninth East Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Character Study Department.

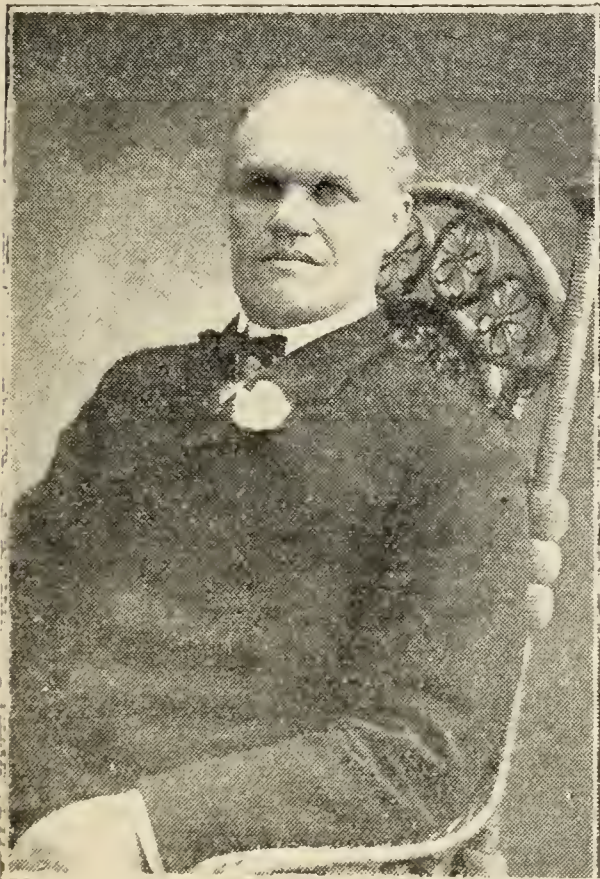
EDITED BY N. Y. SCHOFIELD, F. A. I. P.

"I look upon Phrenology as the guide of philosophy, and the handmaid of Christianity. Whoever disseminates true Phrenology is a public benefactor."—Horace Mann.
 "By universal consent Horace Mann is the educator of the nineteenth century."—E. A. Wis-
 ship, Ph. D., editor of the Journal of Education"

PROFESSOR EVAN STEPHENS.

By N. Y. Schofield, F. A. I. P.

At the Grand Union depot, St. Louis, there is provided for the accommodation of travelers a bureau of information. The man who presides in this office may be called a living directory. He is at the mercy of the public, and is daily required to an-



swer several hundred questions from as many different people. To one who is not familiar with the secret, the amount of information this man seems to have at his command is simply astonishing. He knows the name of nearly every street in that large city, all the main hotels, every notable building, thoroly understands the car service, and to note the readines and facility with which he replies to the varied enquiries of strangers, one would suppose he had made a special study of each one. The writer learned upon inquiry that he scarcely ever

failed to answer correctly, and instantly every question that legitimately came under the scope of his duties, and it is safe to say there are not half a dozen men in the whole of St. Louis who could take his place and perform the work so thoroly.

The reason for his wonderful ability in this direction is at once apparent to the student of human nature, and we shall have occasion to refer to it again.

In commencing his phrenograph of Professor Evan Stephens, the writer's first impulse was to compare him to the noted Indian chief, Blackhawk, on account of a certain peculiarity this old warrior presented; but upon second thought, this odious comparison was instantly dismissed, and after silently apologizing for even entertaining the thought he at once thought of this gentleman in St. Louis.

By taking a side view of Professor Stephens, it will be noticed the forehead appears to retreat gradually, from the eyes backwards.

This is due to the unusual prominence of the perspective faculties, or that portion of the brain resting on the supra-orbital plate immediately above the eyes. It is in cases like this where the novice is led astray, and where unwarranted deductions are very apt to be drawn by those who are unfamiliar with the science of measuring brain power by the length of the medullary fibers radiating from a given center.

Those who suppose that because a person's forehead appears to slant from the eyes up to the crown, that therefore they must necessarily be deficient in the reflective region, make a serious mistake. That they will be relatively deficient is granted, but frequently, as in the present case, this "slope" does not point to any defect, but rather to the immense development of those organs located around the superciliary ridge. There are many who would be credited with having a good, if not a handsome forehead, providing they were minus that wonderful development of the perceptive group.

Tho we can readily concede for Professor Stevens the "eagle eye," yet we do not claim for him that "massive brain" that the sheriff of Nottingham is reputed to possess. It is, however, above the average in size, and the quality of the organiaztion is good.

There are many evidences here of refinement, and the contour of the brain indicates genius.

Those whose heads are evenly balanced all round, and whose temperaments are proportionately blended will be fairly good in whatever direction they may turn their talents. They are likely to meet with ordinary success in whatever they undertake, but unless their brain is very large and of good quality besides being nicely balanced, their chances of ever becoming really famous are very remote. Now in the case of Professor Stephens, nature never intended that he should succeed in anything and everything. There are a hundred or more directions in which he would meet with nothing only dire failure. He is a specialist. He has the head of an expert, the peculiar formation of brain that always indicates genius, and it is interesting to study in what direction this genius will be manifested.

The development of those faculties found at the lower part of the forehead already alluded to, and so conspicuously developed in our present subject, are indications of a knowing and practical mind. They are faculties that pertain to the material world; that connect mankind with things and conditions as they actually exist. We know that a man of this stamp, if educated, will not be remarkable for his literary attainments so much as for his scientific ability.

They are the faculties that give one a true and reliable estimate of form, size, weight, locality, time, color and a strong retentive memory. They act as a pilot to the rest of the brain, and hence we expect to find in Professor Stephens a man who will work on a sure, firm basis, in all the affairs of life. He is not a theorizer, a dreamer or philosopher.

If he were the captain of a vessel, his splendid locality would impart an intuitive conception of latitude and longitude and independent of the compass, could turn the bow of his vessel towards the objective point, and his keen, vigilant eye would always be on the lookout for breakers ahead.

He knows the value of an opportunity, and frequently tact will succeed where talent would fail.

In case of danger, he would never trust wholly to providence; he believes the Lord helps those who help themselves, and would be sure his rifle was loaded before he said prayers.

If he were a chemist and inquiry were made for some drug seldom called for, he could go deliberately and lay hold of the identical bottle without having to study whether it was in stock or not, and then, reading the labels on a hundred other bottles before finding it.

What he has once seen he remembers, his eyes photograph whatever passes before them, and he can often tell what is being done even behind his back. He sees things that are very distant or very near, and yet all this is done without any apparent effort on his part and giving no occasion for suspicion on the part of others.

It is these faculties, developed to an abnormal extent, that so eminently qualify the man in the St. Louis depot for the peculiar duties of his office.

The perceptive region of the brain is so large that the casual observer would imagine he was deformed and marvel that any one person could possibly gather, retain, arrange and utilize such an abundance of secular facts and have them ready for instant use.

Professor Stephens has the same qualities, tho not to such a marked degree. There are a few doctors (not many nowadays, however), who argue that these organs may appear large when in reality it is unusual development of the frontal sinuses. They forget that the temperament and other considerations indicate very accurately the extent of these divisions between the walls of the skull, and in pronouncing the perceptive group as being large in Professor Stephens, it is after having made due allowance for this anatomical condition in his case.

The organs that preside over a sense of time and tune, so essential to a musician, are also located in this group, hence it will occasion no surprise to find in Professor Stephens a musician and a master of unusual ability, and as the leader of one of the largest, one of the best and most famous choirs in the world, he is justly entitled to rank with the shining lights of the age in his own special line.

Altho the musical organs of time and tune are very necessary to excel in this art, yet they do not of themselves constitute the musician. Spiritually, ideality and sublimity cut an important figure. These are the elevating and refining sentiments and without them there can be no soul, no feeling, no sympathy, or pathos in music—nothing but a cold, parrot-like throat production.

Professor Stephens is well endowed with ideality and sublimity, but spirituality, like all the religious faculties, is not quite up to par.

The musician, artist and poet are very much alike in organization and temperament. That which gives a taste for one will show an appreciation for the other, and Professor Stephens will delight in whatever is grand in nature, beautiful in art or ideal in poetry just as he will enjoy harmony in music. He has an aesthetic nature, is attracted by whatever is refined, and repulsed by whatever is coarse. He is the reverse of

what we understand by the term "rough and ready." He wants his work and desires to see that of others cleverly executed and artistically finished. The "slipshod" fashion is abhorrent to his ideality, and a work of art, or a work of any kind that is clumsily done will rasp his sensitive feelings just as his teeth are set on edge by a discordant sound in music. He has high ideals and is not satisfied with anything that falls short of their attainment.

Time and tune being exceedingly large, as is shown by the prominence of the lower forehead a little upward and outward from the eyes, he is therefore admirably suited to both execute and teach. Because a man can produce and appreciate melody, this does not qualify him for a teacher, as some excellent singers and instrumentalists are but inferior instructors. The successful teacher must not only thoroly understand his profession, but must understand to some extent at least those who are to be taught. The ability to do this marks the successful teacher, and it is a gift not enjoyed by everyone however expert and proficient he may be in other respects.

He has an intuitive comprehension of those peculiar difficulties that different pupils have to encounter and overcome, and is, therefore, able to impart appropriate advice.

As an instructor and leader, his greatest fault is a lack of dignity. He is woefully deficient in self-esteem and were it not for his conscientiousness approbateness and combativeness coming to the rescue, it would require "all the king's horses and all the king's men" to drag him to the front. He is altogether too humble and too willing to discount himself in the opinion of others. If he should attempt to address a congregation, his first impulse would be to apologize for presuming to instruct them. As a lawyer, he would lose every case intrusted to him, unless he were on the defense. He has any amount of grit and fight in case of emergency, and tho he is willing to take a back seat, he objects if anyone should attempt to push him into it. His combativeness is not shown until an attack is made, and then he would say, "Come one, come all; this rock shall fly," etc.

He is by nature inclined to be extremely active in body, will be fond of athletic sports, and if his health is good he would rather walk than ride, and much rather run than walk. In mounting a flight of steps, he would take at least two at each bound, and as a boy would be fond of climbing trees, roaming the hills, and with his large mirthfulness and combativeness, there is no doubt he has performed his full share of mischief in his time.

He is very sure-footed, could soon learn

to balance himself on the tightrope, and as a sailor would feel at home even at the masthead.

The social brain is much better developed than the commercial. He is agreeable, free and convivial in company, likes the society of his select friends, and as he is lacking in that sense of authority, will never assume any superiority over the rest. He is capable of very strong affection, is fully alive to the charms of the gentler sex, will be gallant in his deportment towards them, and if he had children would be apt to spoil them with over indulgence. He is fond of pets and animals and strongly attached to home.

The writer never heard him, but there is not the least doubt every part of his whole nature would enter into a rendition of "Home, Sweet Home," and he would feel every word as he sang it.

He has very strong likes and strong dislikes; will become excessively attached to old places and old friends. He is sentimental in these matters, and would defend an absent friend with more warmth than he would resist an attack upon himself.

His mirthfulness will always point out the funny side of life. Professor Stephens is not half so serious as he looks. That rather downcast, sad expression is a result of deficient self-esteem, a lack of proper appreciation for himself, and not a sign of melancholy mind.

That dark cloud that falls athwart his countenance is exceedingly thin. A joke does not have to be explained before he is prepared to laugh, and if he were one of a party at a picnic or in the canyon, away from all restraint, he would prove to be one of the most frisky lambs in the flock.

He is not one of those who lie awake at night so as to give a fitting reception to any celestial visitor who should happen to drop in, but while he will never be remarkably devout, he could not possibly become irreligious with such a poetic nature. The refining, elevating elements of his organization already referred to (sublimity, ideality, etc.) will always incline him upwards instead of down, and tho he may not aspire to the pulpit, at least he will remain in the church. He is not wanting in a fair amount of faith and reverence, he will live an upright, honest life, but the religious faculties follow rather than lead.

He is clear-headed, cool and deliberate, never gets excited, and in his command of others is capable of showing considerable firmness and determination. He will always be kind, thoughtful and patient, is willing to put himself on an equal footing with the company he is in, but will not allow any undue liberties.

His social qualities combined with his mirthfulness and imitation will make him

very desirable company. He is gifted as an entertainer and can easily keep his guests in the best of humor.

There are many directions in which he could not well succeed, and many others in which he could scarcely fail, for instance: He could not succeed as a mathematician. In the first place, the science is too dry for him, and then he has no special talent in this line. He could not succeed as a bookkeeper. It is too confining and too tedious for his active organization. As a lawyer, he is not sufficiently aggressive, and as a lecturer he would be at a disadvantage, as regards language, and has not enough faith in himself.

In mercantile business he would not be sufficiently vigilant. He is not plodding enough in disposition would soon become tired of chasing the dollar, would want a change, become disgusted and thus lose what he had invested. To deal in bacon, molasses, soap, etc., does not appeal to his ideality, and as a butcher the very sight of blood is offensive. As a plumber he is too conscientious, as a surgeon too sympathetic, and as a minister is not sufficiently pious.

That he is capable of very great success as a musician, a composer and teacher, every one knows, and we have sought to point out the cause. But he could succeed also as an artist, a sculptor, or as a druggist. As a mechanic or even on the stage he has special talents, and would make a good proof-reader in a newspaper office.

He has good constructive ability, any amount of tact, is fertile in ideas, industrious and energetic, but is rather too fond of variety and change except when it touches his social nature, and in this he is as firm and stable as the hills.

To sum up: He will make a true friend, a jovial companion, an efficient teacher, and a patriotic citizen. He is a good worker, never likes a thing half done, will strive for the best results, and will never fish for compliments.

GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By J. T. Miller.

Evan Stephens was born June 28, 1854, in Pencader, South Wales. At the age of 12 years he came to Utah with his parents and settled at Willard. He was not strong and robust during his boyhood years, but for a number of years he did hard manual labor and the pioneer life that he experienced developed for him a stronger constitution. From boyhood he had a passion for music and never lost an opportunity to gratify it. When he first came to Utah music and musical instruments were not so plentiful and common as at present. From the beginning the organ was Professor

Stephens' favorite musical instrument. Until he was 24 years of age his efforts in music were mainly in his own town, but in 1879 his performance on the organ won the admiration of Professor Alexander Lewis, the leader of the Logan choir. The choir was in need of an organist, and the service of Professor Stephens was secured for that position. In 1880 he began giving private lessons on the organ and soon after organized singing classes, both juvenile and adult. His career as a professional musician began at that time. Referring to this time a biographer says: "From the outset of his career as a teacher, Professor Evan Stephens has had both a penchant and a talent for teaching singing on a wholesale plan. Large classes have been his forte, and the larger they are the better pleased he seems. He has always appeared able, ever since he began teaching music, to draw children and young people to him in immense numbers." His large classes and the popularity of his work at the L. D. S. University, where he is Professor of Music, are an evidence of the truthfulness of the above statement. His concert work was so successful from the beginning that it attracted the attention of all lovers of music who came under the influence of it.

In order to study the pipé organ, Prof. Stephens came to Salt Lake City in 1882 and began his lessons under the tuition of Prof. J. J. Daynes. Soon after this he was requested by the officers of the Deseret Sunday School Union to organize singing classes for children. For some time he devoted his time unselfishly to this work and created a remarkable interest in the young people for music.

In May, 1885, Prof. Stephens went to Boston and studied under George Chadwick, and George E. Whiting at the New England Conservatory of Music. On his return home he continued his music classes, from which was evolved the Stephens' Opera Company. Later he became conductor of the Salt Lake Choral Society. The best known work of Prof. Stephens is that done in connection with the Salt Lake Tabernacle choir which has a world wide reputation.

He has been unselfish in his work. It has been estimated that he has given \$50,000 worth of music lessons gratis. He has aided young men with musical talent to become proficient in the art. He has prepared text books containing material suitable for applying his own methods of teaching. He loses no opportunity to defend and advocate music that ennobles and educates, while he denounces in the most forceful language that kind of music that merely entertains and does not elevate the mind. For many years Prof. Stephens has been director of music for the Y. M. M. I. A. Dur-

ing the last two years he has had advanced classes at the L. D. S. University for the purpose of training choir leaders and musical directors.

Our limited space makes it impossible to give a detailed account of Prof. Stephen's work, but he is the most conspicuous worker in the history or development of music in the inter-mountain region. The remarkable interest in music that one finds in this region is an evidence that the effort has not been without results.

—o—
DR. N. N. RIDDELL.

The Phrenologist.

One of the least selfish and most intelligent workers in the cause of education and social betterment, is Dr. N. N. Riddell, author of "Heredity," "The New Man," "Child Culture," "Manhood," "A Plain Talk to Boys," "Human Nature Explained," etc.

Dr. Riddell has devoted his life to the branches of human culture and has an international reputation as lecturer on the science of life. His success has been



greatly enhanced by the correct analysis of the mind upon which he has built his work. In his latest book he has the following to say about the study of mind:

"Teachers should understand human nature. A knowledge of the child mind is quite as important as a knowledge of text-books. Every normal school should have a department devoted to the study of human nature, particularly the psychology of childhood. This course of study should be thoro, occupying at least one hour a day for two years. Among other things it should include heredity, prena-

tal culture, organic quality, temperament, hygiene, dietetics, physiological psychology, and the practical application of its principles in brain building; a study of the primary impulse or elements of mind and character; methods and rules for directing, increasing or restricting all the appetites, emotions, faculties and sentiments; mental suggestion and how to employ it in discipline and mental development, together with special directions for awakening the mind of the dullard, governing the willful or vicious, gaining the confidence of the timid and reticent, and overcrowding other eccentricities.

The course should also include self-study for the teacher. No one is qualified to teach until acquainted with self. Our viewpoint modifies our view. Our peculiarities affect our relation to others. The teacher that is by nature too firm, sensitive, aggressive, approbative, affectionate, positive or the opposite of these; or has any other quality that is above or below normal, should be cognizant of such faults and by proper training overcome them. One who has not learned the lesson of self-control, who gets angry on slight provocations, or becomes worried by noise and confusion, or is strongly under the influence of some eccentricity, is not qualified for the school room. Moreover, if teachers had a thoro knowledge of themselves they could do much better work with far less nerve strain.

"This department of study should be under the supervision of an up-to-date phrenologist. Not a 'bumpologist,' but a man thoroly versed in the phrenological system of mental philosophy, heredity, physiological psychology, psychic phenomena, and mental suggestion.

"From this I do not mean that teachers should be expected to estimate character from facial expression or cranial development—only an expert can do this with sufficient accuracy to be of any practical value; but every teacher should be thoroly versed in the subjects indicated, particularly the phrenological system of mental philosophy. This system is worth

more to those who would understand children than all the others put together. It is the only system that analyzes human nature and explains the tastes, talents and peculiarities of the individual.

"I am cognizant of the disfavor with which phrenology is held by many college men and realize that in recommending it I shall provoke their disapproval; therefore, I wish to discriminate between phrenology as a system of psychology and phrenology as employed in the art of reading character. It is the former that I am commending; the latter, however, is worthy of much more attention than has generally been accorded it. During many years of daily practice in reading character and in child study, I have employed every system and method known to science and I cannot better express my estimate of the relative value of Gall's system than to quote the words of the late Mr. Gladstone, where he says: "As an explanation of mind and character the phrenological system of mental philosophy is as far superior to all others as the electric light is to the tallow dip."

THE HEAD.

The following instructions on measuring the head are taken from "The Study of Children," by Francis Warner, M. D., (Lond.), F. R. C. P., F. R. C. S. It is phrenology pure and unadulterated, but is found in an orthodox book on education. This appropriating of phrenological principles by orthodox writers reminds one of the prophecy made by Henry Ward Beecher many years ago as recorded in his 48 sermons, Vol. 1, page 303. 'All my life long I have been in the habit of using phrenology as that which solves the practical phenomena of life. Not that I regard the system as a complete one, but that I regard it far more useful and far more practical and sensible than any other system of mental philosophy which has yet been evolved. The learned profession may do what they please, the common people will try these questions and will carry the day, to say

nothing of the fact that all the great material and scientific classes, tho they do not concede the truth of phrenology, are yet digesting it and making it an integral part of the scientific systems of mental philosophy."

Dr. Warner is certainly helping to fulfill that prophecy. Do you see the phrenological mark on this:

Look at the head, full face, carrying your eyes from ear to ear over the top of the head, following its curve and estimating its size; again carry your eyes from one ear to the other in a horizontal line, looking first at the right ear and its parts, then at the right eye-opening, the bridge of the nose, the left eye-opening, and the ear. Looking at the profile, follow the bridge of the nose up the forehead, noting if it be nearly vertical, or slope backwards, then over the curve of the top of the head and down to the nape of the neck. You may thus inspect the head in its configuration and estimate its volume by inspection. Place your hand flat upon the child's head, with your fingers spread, and thus estimate its volume by feeling, noticing its form and any lumps or ridges of bone. Then if you think necessary, you can measure the head round with a tape. Measure carefully the greatest horizontal circumference round the forehead; take a transverse measurement from one ear opening to the other over the top of the head; and again from the bridge of the nose over the top of the head to a projection you will feel at the back of the head just above the nape of the neck; such measurements taken at intervals of a few months will enable you to appreciate growth and increase of volume of the head.

JOSEPH COOK ON THE STUDY OF HEADS.

In one of his Monday lectures, Mr. Cook thus alludes to the importance of observing the head and face:

"It is singular how much instruction Carlyle gives us when he says that, until a man has studied the portrait of an author, he knows little of his system of

thought, I have before me portraits of several of the renowned German professors—Kiepert, Lepsius, Curtius, Trendelenberger, Dorner, Schleirmacher, Kant—all possessed apparently of a full intellectual equipment. They are men of marvelous breadth of brain. There are five radii which ought to be studied in every man's cranial development, whether you believe in mental physiology or not. From the central point of the ear draw seven radii; one to the chin, one to the tip of the nose, one to the center of the lower forehead, one to the upper forehead, another to the top of the head, another to the back of the head, and another downward to the shoulder. I undertake to say that when you find a man with these seven radii, all long, and fairly well-balanced in comparative length, you will not often hear from him eccentric opinions. These seven radii are all of good length in Socrates, Plato, Aeschylus, Cicero, Virgil, Seneca, Bismarck, Gladstone, Washington, Franklin, Edwards, Webster. Only wholeness and size, or quantity, quality, and balance of being gives what Bacon calls the large round-about sense (manysided judgment), which in erratics, however brilliant, is always more or less conspicuous by its absence. There are other radii, not shown in the profile view, which are of characteristically great length in the broad German brain. I turn the page and show you Shopenhauer. A withered, narrow, eccentric man I should judge him to be, were I to meet him on the street; a small brain, an angular cranial organization, a face apparently that of a soured student, with considerable literary capacity, any amount of audacity, a long chin and sharp nose, a good lower forehead, but shallow upper forehead, and very unbalanced radii in the profile view."—Phrenological Journal.

Grabbing for a moment that is gone is worse than running after the lightning express which has just swung out of the station and left us behind. We may shout ourselves hoarse and run our legs off but the moment never comes back.

Educational Notes.

The Utah Teachers Association will meet in Salt Lake City from January 3 to 6, 1905. As the program has not been completed we are unable to publish it in this issue. The officers of the Association are making a special effort and are preparing an excellent program. The attendance of all teachers in the state is desired.

PSYCHOLOGY.

There are numerous signs of a change in the methods of studying psychology. This study is at present in a chaotic condition. The various systems have produced some well-defined principles but the whole subject is still in a very uncertain state. The present state of psychology is shown in a recent review of Gustav Spiller's text-book on psychology, entitled: "The Mind of Man." Published by the Macmillan company. The review is by F. S. Wrinch of California University and covers several pages in the Psychological Bulletin. The following is quoted from the review:

"The author starts out with the commendable purpose of accentuating the need and assisting in the establishment of a psychology of a strictly scientific character. To this end he avoids the company of any who have settled doctrines, and excludes all philosophic speculations. In the introductory discussion, the hand of the writer seems to be raised against every method of psychological inquiry which has been employed in the past or is still being used by his contemporaries. The reflective method, if it happens to have discovered any truth, has failed to establish the same scientifically. And whatever psychophysics may accomplish in the future, it has done nothing up to the present. After some defense of Introspection, he himself adopts the method of 'Experimental Introspection.' Wherein this differs so radically from the ordinary experimental method it is not easy to discover; true, he lays the main stress on introspection, but the latter term seems to be used simply of the immediate observa-

tion of the facts of experience experimentally arranged or aroused.

"Further, the lack of an adequate system of terminology leads to the adoption of a new system of terms, based upon the degrees of complexity of the facts. The formation of a radically new system of terminology even in so young a science as psychology may be considered a somewhat questionable procedure, and that which is offered is neither very complete nor is it based upon strictly scientific distinctions."

I cannot but think, however, that the wholly desirable imaginative literature for children remains, in large measure, to be written. The mythologies, Old Testament stories, fairy tales, and historical romances on which we are accustomed to feed the childish mind contain a great deal that is perverse, barbarous, or trivial, and to this infiltration into children's minds, generation after generation, of immoral, cruel, or foolish ideas, is probably to be attributed, in part, the slow, ethical progress of the race. The common justification for our practice is that children do not apprehend the evil in the mental pictures with which we so rashly supply them. But what should we think of a mother who gave her child dirty milk or porridge, on the theory that the child would not assimilate the dirt? Should we be less careful of mental and moral food materials? It is, however, as undesirable as it is impossible to try to feed the minds of children only upon facts of observation or record. The immense product of the imagination in art and literature is a concrete fact with which every educated human being should be made somewhat familiar, such products being a very real part of every individual's actual environment.—President Eliot of Harvard University, in Educational Reform.

Another important function of the public school in a democracy is the discovery and development of the gift or capacity of each individual child. This discovery should be made at the earliest practicable

age, and, once made, should always influence, and sometimes determine, the education of the individual. It is for the interest of society to make the most of every useful gift or faculty which any member may fortunately possess; and it is one of the main advantages of fluent and mobile democratic society that it is more likely than any other society to secure the fruition of individual capacities. To make the most of any individual's peculiar power, it is important to discover it early, and then train it continuously and assiduously. It is wonderful what apparently small personal gifts may become the means of conspicuous service of achievement, if only they get discovered, trained and applied.—President Eliot of Harvard University, in Educational Reform.

RICHES.

A writer in a recent issue of *Practical Ideals* says: "We seem not to realize that the truly rich man is the man of sound health, of cultivated talents, of serene disposition, of noble aspirations. Rich means happy, contented, worthy. These things—happiness, contentment, blessedness—are the ends for which we strive, the aims of existence. Therefore the rich man is the man who possesses them. The riches of the sort here referred to are the possible possession of each and every thinking individual who has a strong, reliable will. I do not believe that the ascetics, the hermits, the saints and the Essenes of modern life have a monopoly of such riches. A man need not abjure the world, nor live in the cloudy regions of religious fanaticism, like a monk of the middle ages, in order to attain these true riches. A man may, indeed he should, stay right down on the commonplace, every-day plane of life, and in the little commonplaces of daily human contact he can plant such roots of generosity and high-minded aims that the fruits will be the riches of contentment, blessedness and wisdom far above price."

Moral Education.

CRIME—CAN IT BE CHECKED?

Efforts are constantly being made by law-makers, clergymen and various organizations, or the suppression or abolition of crime. These efforts are usually directed to one of two methods, viz., moral suasion or punishment with fines, imprisonment, or death. The latter method, while effective in preventing future crimes by the individual so punished, has little if any appreciable influence upon others. Lynch law, or as some are pleased to call it, "summary justice," also fails to impress any except the victim, and exerts upon others the same influence as moral suasion.

The person possessed of criminal tendencies, of whatever nature, is abnormal. It may be thru defective development of the so-called higher mental or moral faculties, the over-development of the so-called animal instincts, or thru disease affecting the central nervous system. The latter class are fully recognized as irresponsible in the "eyes of the law," and are sent to asylums for treatment and also for public safety.

While not a believer in natural depravity, I am convinced in the law of heredity, and that both mental and physical characteristics are transmitted from generation to generation.—Editorial in Eclectic Medical Journal.

THE INKSTAND BATTLE.

By S. W. Foss.

We are making smokeless powder
And big bombs to throw a mile,
That will blow the foe to chowder
In the true dynamic style.

We've a hurling gun; you start it,
And the myriad bullets fly,
And a hundred men a minute
Roll their stony eyes and die.

Let us stop this wild death's revel;
Martin Luther, so 'tis said,

Threw his inkstand at the devil,
And the black fiend turned and fled.

Smite your world-wrong; don't combat it
With a fusillade of lead;
Simply throw your inkstand at it;
Come tomorrow, it is dead.

When the world upon the brink stands
Of some crisis steep and dread,
Like brave soldiers seize your inkstands,
Hurl them at the devil's head.

Pour your ink-pots in a torrent
Till the strangling demon sink,
Till the struggling fiend abhorrent
Drown in oceans of black ink.

For the man who's born a fighter
For the brain that's learned to think,
There is dynamite and nitre
In a bottle of black ink.

Tho it makes no weeping nations,
And it leaves on gaping scars,
Placed 'neath error's strong foundations
It may blow them to the stars.

WAR IS HELL! WHO SAYS SO?

The Hearsts, the Pulitzers, the Cramps, the Gatlings, the Colts—the steel mills starting up, and flour jumping dollars per barrel! No war is business—heroics, brass bands, brass buttons—opportunity. So long as millions of men gain a living by evolving the machinery of war and training for war we will occasionally have war.

The only person to whom war is really hell is the widowed mother with an only son, who in her dreams sees her boy clutching at a great red tear in his breast, and gasping with dying lips the name he called her by in babyhood.

That is different.

The rest of us are just plain hypocrites, and if there is a dog fight down the street, our belief in the Westminster Catechism does not prevent our making hot haste to see the argument.

Perhaps that is the real calamity of war—the diverting of the attention of

Christendom to a fight in which we really have no interest.

A dog fight is hell. Oh, certainly, but then it is so diverting! Did the brindle pup win? Ah, I bet a box of caramels he would.

And so we have the news that Port Arthur is taken, and the next day glaring headlines say it isn't. There are fights by sea and fights by land, with details that never happened and made no difference if they did, and both sides claiming victories. We read the manufactured news with quickened breath, and we buy the special that contradicts it all.

The loss is not in the dog fight, but in the fact that a world quits work to talk about it.

And what ye talk about isn't war at all, it is only the reports sent out by the industrious men employed by Hearst and Pulitzer.

Dr. Samuel Johnson once said, "Streets filled with soldiers accustomed to loot, are not more terrible than garrets filled with scribblers accustomed to lie."—The Philistine.

AN OPEN LETTER TO CLERGYMEN.

We are told in the Bible that "God created every winged fowl after His kind; and God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and let fowl multiply in the earth."

It is a sad fact that man is not permitting the birds of the air to multiply as God directs; they are wantonly killed for sport by men, and boys destroy thousands of eggs and nestlings each year. Fashion decrees that women must wear the plumage of wild birds for ornaments. Glance at the bonnets worn at any church service and note the large number of graceful plumes known as "Aigrettes." There is not a woman that does not know that these plumes are obtained only by the most cruel and barbarous methods. How can she kneel and partake of the Holy Communion while wearing them?

Can the children of the Sunday schools grow to be good men and women

unless they are taught that kindness to all God's wild creatures is a part of Christian life? The Savior says a sparrow "shall not fall on the ground without your Father." This certainly means that human beings will be held responsible for all acts of cruelty to even the most humble of God's creatures.

Birds are a check on insect life, and so lessen the labor of the tiller of the soil. Scientific study during the past two decades has demonstrated the fact that birds are the most valuable friends the agriculturist has; they destroy insect pests and noxious vermin; they also eat thousands of tons of weed-seeds which, if left to propagate, would soon overrun the land.

Birds require no pay for their labors, they only ask to be let alone to enjoy in peace and safety the life the Creator gave them, the same right that every good citizen enjoys.

Are clergymen doing their duty if they do not call the attention of the people to the rights of the birds.—William Dutcher, Chairman, National Committee of Audubon Societies, 525 Manhattan Avenue, New York.

THE BURDEN OF ABUSE IN THE POSTAL SERVICE.

B. O. Flower, editor of the *Arena*, reviewing the campaign for the improvement of the postal service, says:

"There are few greater scandals in our public life than exist in the post-office department, due to the influence exerted by the railroad corporations and the express companies over the administration and in the Senate of the United States. It has been shown time and again since Postmaster General Vilas called the attention of the Senate to the abuses that obtained in the department, that the railroads are plundering the government and causing an enormous deficit in a department which might easily be made self-supporting while at the same time greatly extending the service in regard to second-class matter and a parcels post. For instance, we find the United States

government paying a rental of six thousand dollars a year for mail cars that cost considerably less than six thousand dollars to build, tho the average life of the car is nineteen years; and in addition to this the department is paying considerably higher tariffs for the carrying of mail than the express companies pay for the same privileges, while the influence of the great express companies and of the railways has succeeded thus far in preventing the United States from securing the benefits of an efficient parcels post, such as exists in Austria, Germany, Great Britain and other nations.

PLEASANT CALLS.

From the delegates to our Peace Congress we were made particularly happy by the calls of two ladies, Mrs. Mary Noyes Farr, of Pierre, South Dakota, National Vice President of the Woman's Relief Corps, and M. Catherine Allen, of the Mount Lebanon (N. Y.) Community of Shakers, with whom was Daniel Offord, whom we believe to be the head of that widely-known community, and who handed us the enclosed poem:

PEACEFUL VICTORY.

(By M. J. Anderson, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.)

Rise ye waves of joyful music, roll to
earth's remotest bound,
Bearing notes of peaceful victory to the
jarring kingdoms round;
Thrill the air with strains of gladness,
swell the blessed song of peace,
Till the nations own its power, and all
sound of discord cease.

Chorus.

Come ye spirits brave and earnest, work
with purpose true and strong,
God will bless your faithful labors, right
shall triumph over wrong.

Stay the work of desolation, still the pulse
of fevered strife,
Where the marshaled hosts are treading,
crushing virtue, hope and life;

Reason's rule aloud proclaiming arbitra-
tion's peaceful sway

Opens now the pearly portal to the bright
approaching day.—*Chorus.*

Haste O day of golden promise, prophecy
of human weal;

Swords shall be to ploughshares beaten,
spears to pruning hooks of steel;

Then as time with budding glory brings
the coming year's increase,

Men shall march to fields of labor, learn-
ing there the arts of peace.—*Chorus.*

Earth shall smile in youthful beauty,
ocean sing from shore to shore

To a brotherhood united, peace, good will
forever more;

Fruitful fields and verdant valleys, moun-
tain, plain and flowing stream,

Prospered homes and gladsome labor,
will the praise of peace redeem.—

Chorus.—Our Dumb Animals.

PIN THIS IN YOUR HAT.

So long as any human being is willing
to be bought, then slavery and ignorance
and sufferings upon earth will endure.

When slavery existed in the south, the
proudest slave was he who could boast
of bringing the biggest price on the auc-
tion stand.

The proudest slave today is the man
who boasts of the biggest salary.

When such slaves are not looking for a
master with his money bags, then, and
then only, will slavery and slavish condi-
tions disappear from the face of the
earth.

When we learn to condemn a princi-
ple, without condemning the slave, who
is but a victim of the principle, then will
be our first step towards "Peace on earth,
good will to men."

Never condemn the fakir, who is mere-
ly trying to solve the "Bread and butter
problem." Bend your earnest efforts to-
wards throwing light on the fake itself,
and do not forget that "earning bread
by the sweat of the brow"—not sweat of
the body—is the greatest fake that ever
caused annoyance to the heart of man.—
Banner of Light.

Suggestions to Parents and Teachers.

VICE AMONG CHILDEN.

By Celia Carman.

When this subject is mentioned the minds of many people go instantly to the slum portions of our great cities. There, in the congested quarters, where many people are huddled together in small places, where children are ragged, dirty and neglected, of course, they are immoral; but in good society—and here the fond mother casts a loving glance at her own sleeping children, so glad and thankful is she that they are well protected, that they know nothing of the sin of the great wicked world. Perhaps that mother has cause, for her thankfulness, but perhaps her peace of mind may have its source in ignorance.

Every child born into the world is born with an undeveloped sexual instinct. That instinct will be developed in a normal way at its proper time, or at an improper time in an abnormal way. Which it will be is decided by the child's training and environment. The fact that the child's parents live in the country, a small town, or a select part of a large city, or the fact that they have good social standing, are rich, influential, or religious, has little effect upon the child's life along these lines. The training that will save a child from misery, and perhaps from open disgrace, must be specific and to the point.

The reason that this evil is so hard to correct is because the majority of mothers and teachers either indignantly deny that such a condition exists, or, when it is mentioned, are too much shocked to be willing to discuss the subject. Nevertheless, hundreds of young people from respectable homes are every year failing in health, losing their minds, and even dying from the effects of this terrible curse.

The writer has had an experience covering several years of public school work, and during that time has received the confidences of other teachers, mothers and children, and each year is more deeply

impressed with the commonness of this habit among children.

The mothers of the present generation, many of them, have married with no definite preparation for motherhood. They know very little about a child's nature or how it is developed, hence are unable to avoid mistakes that may start the child on the wrong road. In order to be sure that your child has not learned immorality in his very early years, you must be sure that he has been kept free from conditions that foster the habit. These conditions begin in the home at a very early age. There came a time when your child began to ask questions. The way you answered those questions laid the foundation for future purity or impurity.

A motherless girl of fourteen was becoming somewhat wild. Her teacher had a long talk with her, in which the girl made this confession: "We girls wanted to know about mothers, so I asked Gracie's big sister, and she said I ought to be ashamed to ask such a question. Then I asked my aunt, and she said that little girls should be seen and not heard. They acted so about it that I made up my mind that I would know anyway. So I went to Anna Jones; they said that she was a bad girl, and I thought she would know. When I asked her she said, 'Why Mary, I didn't think you were that kind of a girl.'" All this trouble and reproach because a girl budding into womanhood asked a perfectly natural question, to which she should have been given at once a correct answer.

The air of mystery that mothers maintain on subjects of this kind, the evasion in answering questions, all arouse the curiosity of the child, and he or she decides to "know anyway." So he goes for his information to the boy or girl he meets on the street or at school, and the boy or girl who has the reputation of being bad is instructing your child in these subjects, giving him, of course, an abnormal and impure view of the whole thing.

Don't decide that your child knows nothing of evil because he does not talk to you about it. After having told your child a falsehood about the coming of the baby, or having assured him that it is very, very naughty for him to ask such questions, don't expect him to come to you when later on he finds out that you have lied to him. No; you have told him that this is an impure subject. What must be his opinion of his own father and mother, after having received his street education on this subject and being told by his mother that only bad people ever mention such a thing—when he thinks of his own birth or sees little brothers and sisters still coming into the family? Small wonder, then, with such training, that there is so much impurity. The wonder is rather that there is not more.

"But," some mother asks, "how can I teach my child these subjects? What shall I tell him?" What you tell your child, so long as it is the truth, is of little consequence. Unless your own mind is pure, you cannot possibly give your child a pure view of this or any other subject. Your first step may be to pray with the Psalmist, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

Let us hope that the time will soon come when mothers, fathers and teachers will realize their duty along these lines; when they themselves will be pure-minded enough to shake off the awful curse of prudishness that is defiling society to-day. Until this comes to pass there can be no solution of the "social evil."—The Purity Advocate.

THE SANCTITY OF MARRIAGE.

By Mrs. L. D. Avery-Stuttle.

I am quite aware that I am touching upon a subject which, to say the least, needs to be handled with care. Married people are exceedingly sensitive sometimes,—exceedingly fearful of being blamed for something by somebody. And I guess it has always been so. Indeed, they are so fearful of it, that they sometimes lay the blame on to each other.

Away back in the Garden of Eden it began. Adam was so afraid the Lord would blame him, that, altho he loved his wife very much, he speaks words of reproach against "the woman whom Thou gavest to be with me," and accuses her to save himself. "Not very gallant of Adam," you say; no; and the ungallant Adams are not all dead yet.

The marriage relation is the most sacred of any on earth. Without it, there would be no home, no family, no government. Then, to undermine the marriage relation, undermines the home; and upon the individual homes of the people rests the government, the safety and the prosperity of the nation.

Show me a family where the husband and wife are devoted to each other, and I will show you a happy home,—a miniature of heaven. Show me a whole nation of such families, and I will show you a nation that lives in peace with the whole world, and with whom business of friendly intercourse would be a delight. But alas and alas! where shall we find such an one?

The divorce courts were never so crowded; and the divorce lawyer who gains his living by separating those who ought to have been sure that God had joined them together, is getting rich. The good old time has gone by when it was a rank disgrace to apply for a divorce. Now, almost any plea is considered sufficient, even to simple incompatibility! Why did not the couple whose marriage bonds have become hateful and galling, discover the incompatibility before the solemn marriage vow was taken?

O, there is the trouble! Young men and young women seem determined to hide and cover up, with the pretty cloak of mannerism, every odd or disagreeable trait in their character. Instead of banishing those traits and getting the mastery over them forever, they hold on to their pet evils and carefully cover them from the eyes of friend or lover until it is too late to repent. O, why is not the season of courtship made a season of getting acquainted with one another, instead of being deceived. Why not take time

before marriage to find out if the young man with whom you are to spend all your life is a Christian or a pagan? whether he treats his mother and sisters with love and tenderness, or whether he makes himself obnoxious to his friends, and a terror to every one about him? Why not find out beforehand whether the young woman is kind-hearted, gentle, and true?

"SAVE THE BOYS."

Is the title of anti-rum and anti-tobacco literature consisting of a booklet of 24 pages, and a 12-page monthly journal. The very title should appeal to every person who has a desire to see true manliness in our boys.

The price of the booklet is 2 cents each; or \$1.00 per 100; 60 cents for 50; 30 cents for 25, sent postpaid.

The journal is 30 cents a year.

The publisher solicits orders and donations from kindly disposed persons.

Mr. E. W. Peck of Minnesota, state secretary of the Y. M. I. A., sends a donation, and says:

"If you can do anything to stay the curse of cigarette smoking among boys, it will be money well invested."

One editor says: "If you are a boy, or if you have a boy, or if you desire to help the boys, you should subscribe."

Mrs. L. Flora Plummer, editor of the Sabbath School Worker, says that "this literature should be circulated wherever there are boys—and that is everywhere."

Address, "Save the Boys," 118 W. Minnehaha Boulevard, Minneapolis, Minn.

GOLDEN DEEDS.

Oh, what truth is in the maxim,
"Golden deeds make golden days,"
And the worth it is to humans,
Priceless 'tis in many ways.

If a human is in sadness,
By his own or other's wrong,
Just a word of cheering gladness
Kills the sting and leaves a balm.

If a sin has been committed,
Chiding's not a golden deed;
But in kindness he be pitied,
Thus to penance you him lead.

Never by a frown you'll win him,
For his heart is aching sore,
But the golden deed of kindness
Heals his sad heart to its core.

"If we smile the world smiles with us,"
That is not a golden deed,
But when hunger is upon us,
'Tis a golden deed to feed.

In the sorrows of a lifetime
All the world refuse to share
One sad pang, and only leaves us
All alone their stings to bear.

When I see the sick ones cared for
By some loving, gentle, hand,
Sure in turn they will be prayed for
Their aching soothed, their fever fanned.

See the urchin vexed and crying
O'er some playmate's wilful wrong,
Pet the wee thing, stop its sighing,
And 'twill bless you ere you've gone.

Golden deeds let's ne'er be loosing,
Kindness surely is divine,
For it kindles in our bosom
Everything that is sublime.

And it makes us noble, God-like,
Makes us gentle, childlike, too,
Moulding us like God the Father,
Makes us better and more true.

Shows us how to grasp one's sorrow,
Teaches us to share his pain,
And to smile when he would borrow
All his troubles back again.

Leads us to a grand ambition,
Heavenward to celestial meads,
Where we'll know without restriction
Golden thoughts and golden deeds.

Jas. Hood.

Home Making.

AN EARTHLY HOME.

We've oft read of heroes and warriors of old,
Whose names have been written in letters of
gold,
Of poets and sages, and men of renown,
Of monarchs and kings who wear the crown,
But the one name to be revered for ages to
come,
Is Howard Paine, who wrote Home, Sweet
Home,"
For a home is something more than houses
we see,
'Tis a family contented, who in love agree.
Tho we may live in splendor, have honor
and fame,
The home of the wealthy may be only in name,
But a place where all can be equal and free,
If only in a cottage, would be the home for me;
For a home for all men, both great and small,
Must be guided by love and truth after all;
Tho Paine never realized his dream so grand,
At least he died in a foreign land.

A home is not a thing to be bought or sold,
To be exchanged or traded for gold.
'Tis not bricks or mortar, nor houses we see,
'Tis not titles nor people of high degree:
'Tis not broad acres nor land we may own,
Nor a place where seeds of envy are sown.
But a family where all in love and peace agree,
Be the place e'er so humble, 'tis the home for
me.

THE AMERICAN MOTHER.

By D. A. Foote, A. M., M. D., Omaha,
Nebraska.

To Secretary Hay we are indebted for the benevolent assimilation of the word "American." It is now in diplomatic parlance the private property of Uncle Sam. Our representatives to foreign lands have recently written over their doors these words, "The American Embassy" or "Consulate." The appropriation of this word characterizing the citizenship of the United States of America is justifiable and we trust prophetic of that day when the City of Washington shall be the cerebrum and cerebellum of the United States of North and South America. This is the inevitable corollary of the Monroe doctrine.

The philanthropic and commercial forces of the western continent will insist that liberty does not grant freedom for self-destruction as persistently exhibited in the caricatures of self-government in Central and South America. Philanthropy seeks peace and commercialism demands stable government.

The government at Washington in-

sures the autonomy of its neighbors and will make heavy investments to guarantee its word. It will just as surely demand its dividends expressed in peace, prosperity, integrity and uninterrupted commerce. All hail the new word "American."

By the American Mother then we mean that expression of womanhood that has intelligent and intuitive sympathy with democratic ideals and under the stimulative influence of these ideals has given the world, we verily believe, the highest type of Motherhood.

The American mother is typical only as the American citizen differs from other cosmopolitans. We cannot claim any distinguishing quality or mother-love indigenous to American soil. Its expression is the same the world over. When God created a mother he embodied a thought unique in all nature, a new, distinct creation—a force as indestructible and beneficent as his own infinite wisdom. In woman he templed beauty, incarnated the refining graces of humanity and dedicated every impulse of her being to the achievement of love's masterpiece—Motherhood.

"There is in all this cold and hollow world no fount of deep, strong, deathless love, like that within a mother's heart." Adoration of motherhood is congenital and compelling. "Unhappy" and degenerate "is the man for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable."

A composite picture of American mothers—the New England, the Southern, the Western type—would not be the American mother any more than a composite photograph of the sculptured Goddesses of Grecian mythology would disclose a Niobe. The average mother of America is too composite. We must seek the ideal and from the physician's standpoint. The limits of this paper forbid many excursions of thought into the broad domains of our subject and compel but a brief discussion of one or two points. We seek amid varied environments, most hopefully, for that expression of womanhood which gives to the home life of this nation the surest promise of perpetuity. One who could describe adequately such an

embodiment of virtues could secure no greater fame.

The American mothers of the past are disclosed in the deeds of their children whom the nation honors in its halls of fame, but the mother is too often forgotten. Can we mistake the family traits exhibited in these words of one of the colonial mothers:

"Good family government assures good civil government."

"We must learn to obey before we know how to govern."

"Obedience and truthfulness are cardinal virtues to be cultivated."

To a mother, renowned for her wisdom and beauty, is Washington indebted for such character-building precepts as just quoted. It was the special endowments of his mother that gave to Patrick Henry his wonderful gifts of oratory which he used so effectively in the cause of American Independence. From his gifted Huguenot mother came those rare traits of genius exhibited by Alexander Hamilton. The mother of Emerson was a paragon of domestic virtues and womanly graces. It was the mother of William Lloyd Garrison that inspired those jeremiaids that smote the hearts and consciences of this nation in ante-abolition days.

Let me describe one mother typical of thousands in the early days of the past century.

Taking her part in the labor of the household at a time when it was expected that the woman portion would not only care for the house, prepare the food, and make the clothes of all the family, but also weave and spin the materials as well, she yet managed to acquire an education of which graduates of our modern schools and colleges might well be proud. "She studied while she spun flax, tying her books to the distaff." She not only became well read in literature and history, and acquainted with the progress of science then just beginning to attract the attention of scholars, but learned to write and speak the French language fluently. She gave enough attention to music to be able to accompany her voice on the guitar, and was sufficiently skilled in the use of

pencil and brush to paint some very creditable portraits upon ivory, several of which are still in the family. She was an adept in the mysteries of the needle, "in fine embroidery with every variety of lace and cobweb stitch," and was gifted with great skill and celerity in all manner of handicraft, so that in after years "neither dressmaker, tailoress, or milliner ever drew on the family treasury."

Such was the mother of Henry Ward Beecher of whom he spoke so often and never more eloquently than when he said, "My communion with nature arose from the mother in me. Because my mother was an inspired woman, who saw God in nature as really as in the Book, and she bestowed that temperament upon me, and I came gradually to feel that, aside from God as revealed in the past, there was a God with an everlasting presence around about me." What an inspiring ideal of motherhood.

The unselfish devotion, the self-sacrificing love and unswerving patriotism of America's mothers has indeed made the pages of our history resplendent. There are American mothers today just as illustrious, but they are embarrassed and menaced by an increasing number of fraudulent and dangerous imitations.

We must pass by consideration of many forces that menace motherhood. We can not discuss heredity and the laws of selection altho motherhood and our race find here a most serious and fundamental problem. We can not give time to educational questions, altho they are fraught with most fateful considerations. Errors exist in overeducation, misdirected education forced along unnatural lines—education with the mother entirely left out. Professor Huxley says: "Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature; under which name I include not merely things and their forces but men and their ways, and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws." The mother-heart and brain can alone give this training. No substitute can fill her place. But too often these duties and high privileges—

are entrusted entirely to the hired nurse, governess, kindergarten teacher, at a time when the mother's heart should be the child's schoolroom. There is education in all the arts, sciences, languages, accomplishments, pastimes and follies without the slightest knowledge of how to properly manage a home and often bereft even of the physical powers to give to honest love its crown of bliss vouchsafed to wife and mother.

We must pass by the discussion of society and its fraudulent usurpation by endowed idleness and veneered viciousness. We can only utter a protest against this misrepresentation of the real American refinements as found in polite and modest circles of society. The noisy and unostentatious counterfeits give, by their sensual revelries and aimless displays, a reputation to America most scandalous and undeserved. It is not here that we look for the American mother. The subject of divorce should be given the time it deserves in an enumeration of the dangers that threaten our homes, but it can only be mentioned as a growing and unblushing evil of modern times. This list is incomplete, but we must now pay our respects to a matter of portentous import in which our profession is especially involved. These dangers and others that might be mentioned unite in one common and insidious influence that threatens motherhood today most alarmingly.

The physician is the evangelist of motherhood. To him is entrusted the gospel of maternity. Woe be unto him if he falter, compromise or prove recreant to his high calling. Before him kneel the queens of the earth to learn wisdom. From his lips, from his heart, flow forth influences that as surely cherish or blast the lives of thousands as did ever the decree of earth's most puissant despots. The mute annals of the unborn is the world's greatest tragedy. Before these records we stand appalled and words fail to characterize the deep, dark infamy of this unceasing carnage of helpless innocents, this slaughter of unborn babes.

The physician can not shirk his duty. It is time to speak out plainly against a

crime now so common as to have become the sport of unblushing gossips and a most serious menace to our national life. There is a spirit abroad that seeks to hold up to ridicule the old-fashioned families. Hence, silly and craven-hearted parents are resorting to methods of thwarting nature that are essentially criminal and suicidal to the physical and moral life of woman. What are the records? The average size of the family in the United States has decreased steadily during the past fifty years, notwithstanding the acquisition of large families by emigration. In 1850 the average size of the family was 5.6 members; in 1880, 5; in 1900, 4.7. There are in round numbers 16,000,000 families in this country. If the average size now was as large as in 1850, our population in the United States, exclusive of its islands and Alaska, would be 89,600,000 in place of 73,000,000. In other words the new style family has robbed this nation of a natural and stalwart increment of 16,000,000 of people in fifty years. This parental malfeasance if continued fifty years longer will result in conditions inexpressible in numbers. But the loss in population is alone appalling, for figuring on a moderate increase in our total population and adopting the same ratio of loss in the size of the average family as has been evident in the past fifty years, we are confronted with the fact that in 1950 there will be a loss of upward of 100,000,000 of people because of this departure from the wholesome standards of our fathers. This is indeed "Race Suicide." Such figures cool our patriotic ardor and still our clamorous assertions of being the greatest on earth. For it is evident that our decay has begun and if these conditions continue and this evil remains unchecked, we will be the easy prey of a foreign invasion: we will be displaced by a race of emigrants of more virile blood than the degenerate sons and daughters of the sturdy founders and valorous defenders of this nation.

To mention all the causes of this default in the American family would indeed be a task. There are false and extravagant standards of the cost of maintenance of

a home that are deterring thousands of our young men from marriage and robbing them of the safeguards and blessings of matrimony. There are, too, "Bachelor Quarters" and "Maiden Retreats" in which it has never been discovered that "A woman has two smiles that an angel might envy, the smile that accepts a lover before words are uttered, and the smile that lights on the first-born baby." There are also too many men saying—"O woman! lovely woman! nature made thee to temper man; we had been brutes without you. Angels are painted fair to look like you; there's in you all that we believe of heaven, amazing brightness, purity and truth, eternal joy and everlasting love—but, I prefer my Club."

The social evil, a legitimate sequel and concomitant, and its twin, intemperance, by their moral and physical ravages annually blast the lives of a great army of our youth and cheat our country of a million homes.

But the physician has ample evidence of still more fertile causes of this sapping of our national blood. What are the records? We dare not tell. We can not publish to the world the secrets of our consultation room and we have too great respect for the womanhood of our land to stigmatize it with the infamy of a large and growing class that beset the physician in hysterical phrases that mean nothing less than the laying of murderous hands upon their unborn babes. They have forsooth been duly instructed in the black arts of foeticide, but the first try to tempt a physician to give safety and professional responsibility to their plans. Thousands of American women of today are past-masters in practices that rob the cradle of its jewel, the home of its joy and hope, and the nation of its priceless heritage vouchsafed by the mingled blood of Puritan and Cavalier.

Physicians must set their faces like flint against this practice now so prevalent among the women of America. Something must be done to stop this nefarious business. Young married women are early taught how to murder their unborn babes and so escape the temporary in-

convenience of child-bearing. We are called in such emergencies to save them from the dangers that threaten, to remove the remains of their innocent and helpless victims, to comfort them by the assurances of our skill in overcoming the physical result of their baseness, and to cover up all evidence of their crime. It must be stated that the husbands are usually equally guilty. If reputable physicians would assist actively in the criminal prosecution of all such offenders the offence would become less common after a few wholesome examples of civil and social retribution. Publicity is the cure. Laws should be placed upon our statute books making it obligatory upon physicians to report all cases of abortion to the local boards of health, giving the causes, age of foetus. The physician is required by law to report all deaths occurring in his practice. Is an unborn child of so little consequence that a report of its death should be omitted? The enactment of such addition to our present laws would relieve physicians from being "particeps criminis" in an offence that is monstrous in all its aspects.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

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DANGER BY PROXY. In this age we gratify our love of danger and of conflict and bloodshed, by proxy. We love bull-fights, prize-fights, dog-fights and executions. Thus we get the pleasant stimulus to our jaded nerves without any pain or after-effects. The other day, at Limoges, an enormous crowd watched a butcher slaughter a sheep and dress its carcass in the den of an African lion. The lion-tamer's presence gave just that ingredient of chance which makes the spice of these things. Some, however, are not particular about spice; they like the mere shedding of blood as such. To this class belong, for instance, the crowds who make up the long daily procession thru the slaughter houses at Chicago and elsewhere. Even the savage lust for battle is worthy of more respect than this. Truly, do we need reawakening to an almost bygone manhood.—New Century Path.

Preventive Medicine.

RELATION OF PREVENTABLE SICKNESS TO TAXATION.

By John H. Kellogg, M. D., Superintendent of Battle Creek, Mich., Sanitarium.

(Reprinted from the Annual Report of the Michigan State Board of Health.

The materials which I have employed have been chiefly the "Biennial Reports of the Board of Corrections and Charities," the Abstracts of Reports of County Superintendents of the Poor, the Annual Abstracts of Statistical Information Relative to the Insane, Deaf, Dumb, and Blind, of the State of Michigan, and the Annual Registration Reports prepared by the Secretary of this Board.

The first question to be settled is, "What shall be considered as preventable diseases," in this investigation? In the light of modern researches respecting the nature of disease and its relation to physical causes, it is evident that nearly all diseases of every description are clearly preventable. The ancient notion that diseases are the inflictions of demons, benign or malignant, faded away with the mists of the Dark Ages; and tho numerous subtle forms of the theory survived in various medical doctrines till near the present day, the modern discovery of germs and microscopic life and their relation to the human body, and the study of various causative influences too numerous to mention in this connection, and the more recent comparative investigation of meteorology and vital statistics conducted by this Board under the direction of its secretary, Dr. H. B. Baker, have settled beyond the possibility of question the fact that disease is not an infliction, but, in the great majority of instances, is a disarrangement of the bodily functions the prevention of which in most cases lies within the power of the individual.

In this investigation, however, we will

confine ourselves, at first, at least, to the consideration of such diseases as are believed to be readily preventable by such means as can be easily commanded by the proper authorities. In this class, we may safely include the following maladies: diphtheria, scarlet-fever, small-pox, chicken-pox, whooping-cough, typhoid and typhus. fevers, erysipelas, puerperal fever, croup, cerebro-spinal meningitis, cholera, and dysentery. With one exception, all of these maladies belong to the zymotic group of diseases; and while all are not clearly proved to be either infectious or contagious, the causation of each is sufficiently well settled to make it clear beyond question that unsanitary conditions constitute a prime factor in the development of the disease and particularly in increasing its fatal tendencies. Hence it is wholly allowable to consider them as preventable diseases, since the fatality arising from them would almost wholly disappear were the proper sanitary precautions taken. Perhaps the greatest question would arise respecting the affection known as cerebro-spinal meningitis. There is not wanting, however, high medical authority respecting the causation of this malady which justifies this classification of the disease, as do also many of its well-known characteristics. Under this name we have also included the cases reported as spinal fever, spinal meningitis, and spotted fever, considering these to be only other names for the same malady. Tubercular consumption, venereal diseases, and, in part, insanity and diseases arising from intemperance, might perhaps with propriety be included in the list: but for the present at least, we will confine the consideration to the first-named diseases.

Our next inquiry shall be as to the number of persons who are led to seek assistance from the state in consequence of indigence arising from sickness with the above-named diseases. The whole number of inmates of the various poor houses of the state during the year 1879-80 was 7,806, of whom 1,172 were reported to have become dependents of the state thru sickness, altho the nature of the dis-

ease is stated in but a small proportion of the cases. We need some means of determining the probable number of cases of preventable diseases, at least, approximately. This we find in a study of the causes of death as given in the Registration Reports. By reference to the Report for 1874, the last published, we find that out of 12,500 deaths 2,315, or $18\frac{1}{2}$ per cent were from the enumerated diseases. Assuming that the same proportion of cases reported in the returns of the superintendents of the poor, were of a preventable character, we find that 216 persons, or about $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent of the whole number of inmates of the poor houses of the state, became such by sickness directly and immediately traceable to preventable maladies as previously defined.

The number of inmates of poor houses, however, represents but a small proportion of the whole number of persons in the whole or in part dependent upon the state for support. According to the published reports of the county superintendents of the poor during the year 1879-80, there were 36,650 permanent and transient paupers outside the poor houses. The cause of indigence is reported in the cases of only 6,415, being in 2,900 of the number "sickness" or "death." Applying the same rule as before, we obtain a percentage of 8.1-3 of preventable illness, which would give 3,054 cases of preventable disease. This number may seem somewhat unexpectedly large, but it is not improbable, when we take into consideration the serious character of most contagious and infectious diseases, and the frequency with which they leave their victims maimed or otherwise disabled for life.

But still we have not learned the full number of state dependents who owe their helplessness to diseases which by the employment of proper measures might have been prevented. According to the last annual report of the State Board of Corrections and Charities, there were treated at the two asylums for the insane in this state, last year, 1,208 patients, fully one per cent of whom were deprived of their reason and rendered dependent by maladies which were wholly preventable.

This is as the matter appears in the report; but as no cause whatever is assigned in a large number of cases, and simply sickness, without any specification of the nature of the disease in many others, it is not at all improbable that double the percentage named owed their condition to the cause under consideration. We may safely say then, that at least twenty-four out of the 1,200 belong to this category.

Still another addition must be made to the list of unfortunates. According to the same report from which the above facts are gleaned, 70, or one-third of the 210 pupils at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Flint, owe their condition to diseases of a preventable character.

Lastly, an examination of the report relative to the blind shows that at least seven per cent of the number under treatment at the state institution at Flint attributed their misfortune to the same causes.

The aggregate of these several classes is 3,367,—an appalling army of maimed, crippled, deaf, dumb, blind, insane, and helpless creatures, dependent upon the tender mercies of the state for shelter, food, and all other of the few comforts of life they are permitted to enjoy.

But we have not yet learned the whole of the sad truth. Altho the facts stated indicate the minimum number of those who become dependent upon the state thru preventable sickness, there are yet many more who are equally helpless, but more fortunate in having wealthy relatives who are competent to care for them without burdening the state. According to the official returns, there are no less than 650 deaf and dumb persons in the state, of whom only 210 are cared for in the state institution, leaving 440 to be cared for by friends, so far as they are unable to maintain themselves. Of this number one-third, or 143, are known to be the result of unnecessary and easily preventable diseases. There are also 499 blind persons in the state, only 49 of whom are under tuition or treatment at the state's expense, leaving 450, of whom 31 were made blind by the diseases con-

sidered in this paper as preventable. The number of this class of unfortunates is still further augmented by a number of persons who are partially deaf or deaf and dumb, 38 of whom suffer in consequence of such maladies as measles, scarlet fever, and cerebro-spinal meningitis, and nearly an equal number of partially blind persons, of whom six trace their condition to the same causes, together with 330 idiots and imbeciles, and 226 epileptics, of whom at least two per cent might have been today in the enjoyment of healthy minds and bodies had proper preventive measures been employed.

Here we have a grand total of 3,564 persons who have been deprived of one or more of the priceless faculties pertaining to physical and mental health, and rendered burdens to themselves, to society, and to the state by unnecessary and preventable illness.

Now we are prepared for the consideration of the inquiry toward which this paper is particularly directed: How much does this unnecessary sickness cost the state?

Referring to the same public documents which have furnished us the foregoing facts, we find data sufficient to enable us to approximate very closely the cash expenditure on the part of the state in behalf of these most sadly unfortunate of its dependents. According to the last report of the state board of corrections and charities, the cost of maintaining the poor during the year was \$542,586. As before shown two and three-fourths per cent of the whole number were rendered dependent by preventable sickness; hence we should charge to the account of preventable diseases two and three-fourths per cent of this sum, or in round numbers, \$15,000.

The cost of maintaining the insane poor at the two asylums, exclusive of officers' salaries, repairs, etc., is reported to be \$170,000, of which two per cent, or \$3,700, must be added to the preceding amount. We must also add further one-third the expense of the instruction of the deaf and dumb at the Flint institution, or \$10,000, and seven per cent of the ex-

penses of instructing the blind pupils, or \$525.

This aggregates a net expense to the state for the poor, deaf, dumb, blind and insane—made such by preventable sickness—in round numbers, of \$29,000.

But this estimate of expense is by no means complete. We must not forget that the state has been very lavish in her provisions for the comfort and convenience of these unfortunate persons, after it is too late, in most cases, to repair the loss which they have suffered. In the two asylums for the insane, the munificent sum of \$1,267,000 has been expended, two per cent of which is solely for the benefit of persons suffering from the effects of unnecessary illness, equaling the sum of \$25,340. In the different counties of the state there is invested in property connected with the county poor-houses the sum of \$707,750, of which two and three-fourths per cent, or \$20,000, is for the same purpose. Of the \$441,000 invested in the Flint institution for the deaf and dumb, one-third, or \$147,000, is necessitated by cases resulting from preventable sickness. Thus we have invested in the various charitable institutions of the state for the benefit of paupers who were not made such thru any dispensation of Providence, thru accident, or thru ill-inheritance, but thru needless ignorance or neglect, the sum of \$192,000. To the previously enumerated expenses must be added the annual interest on this sum at seven per cent, or \$13,400, making a grand total of unnecessary expense of over \$42,000.

It may be suggested that this sum is a small item in the bill of expenses of a great state. This may be true, but there are not many purposes to which the state might apply these thousands which would aid in the material, mental or moral advancement of its citizens? The immense capital invested in unproductive institutions for the benefit of persons made dependent by preventable diseases, would, if placed at interest, in a few years amount to millions.

But the greatest loss by means of unnecessary illness is not yet apparent, for

we have not, thus far, taken any account of the enormous loss to the state and to the world in the death of useful citizens, producers of taxable property, creators of wealth. How much is a human being worth? Who can estimate the value of a human life? How much wealth will atone for the loss of a friend, a father, a mother, a sister, brother, or child? But the state knows nothing of the ties of friendship or kindred. This consideration must take into account only the actual cash value to the state of a human life. But even this is difficult to estimate. No one knows how many brilliant intellects, gifted with rare genius for invention, for discovery, for developing new wealth which may now remain forever hidden, having been sacrificed in the annual holocaust to ignorance or negligence of the use of preventive measures against the most deadly foes to human life. But leaving out of the consideration extraordinary gifts, how much may we estimate the cash value to the state of the average human life? Without professing to fix the sum exactly, suppose we estimate the value of a life at \$1,000. This sum will certainly be considered too small, but we will take it as a basis for further calculations, as we wish to make our estimate such as no one will be inclined to depreciate.

As before stated, the number of deaths from diseases, classed in this paper as preventable, during the years 1874, as reported, was 2,315. The superintendents of vital statistics states in his report, however, that he has good reason to believe that the number of deaths reported should be increased 61 per cent on account of the incompleteness of the returns. Adding 61 per cent gives us 3,727 as the probable number of deaths from causes readily preventable during the year 1874. Considering the death-rate to be the same for 1880 as for 1874, and increasing the above figures in proportion to the increase in the population between 1874 and 1880, we have 4,585 as the probable number of deaths from preventable diseases in the year 1880. In accordance with our estimate that each of these human lives would have been worth to the state the

sum of \$1,000, it is evident that the state has met with a loss of not less than \$4,585,000.

Still we have not reached the grand total of this enormous waste of human life and the material wealth of the state. According to the English parliamentary reports on benefit societies, there are two persons sick thruout the year for each person who dies, not including a large number of cases of slight ailments and chronic diseases. This would indicate a total loss of a year's time on the part of 9,170 persons, due to preventable sickness. The expenses of each sick person could not be estimated at less than \$200 each for a year's sickness, which aggregates \$1,834,000. This sum, added to the previous footing, gives the enormous sum of \$6,419,000. Adding \$40,000, the amount of loss previously shown, we have a total of \$6,461,000, which represents not a hypothetical, but an actual loss to the state, a large part of which must of course be replaced by taxation; and this loss does not occur once only, or once in a century or decade, but annually, and is increasing each year at a most alarming ratio.

But still the whole story is not told. Every physician of experience will readily admit that nearly all diseases are preventable, at least to a very considerable degree, provided the proper preventive measures can be applied at the proper time. In all parts of the world sanitarians are earnestly working at the problem of prevention, while physicians are as attentively engaged in curing human diseases. The paramount importance of the prevention of disease is everywhere recognized, and preventive medicine is destined to be the medical science of the future.

But, aside from the advantages which may arise from the employment of special measures of prevention, every physician of experience as well as every sanitarian is well aware that still greater benefits may be derived from attention to general hygiene in the prevention of a large share of the ailments which annually swell the mortality lists; and it is fair

to conclude that the lack of information on these subjects which generally prevails among the common people is a prolific cause of sickness and death and thus of pecuniary loss to the state.

Taking all these facts into consideration, it is in the highest degree probable that if the whole truth were told, preventable sickness might be justly charged with being an expense to the state of Michigan of not less than \$10,000,000 annually. Estimating the loss in other states to be no greater in proportion to the population, we have an aggregate loss to the whole United States of not less than \$300,000,000 annually, an amount which would pay the whole of our national debt in six years.

Appalling as these figures are, they are none too large to represent the pecuniary loss alone, and do not represent anything of the still greater loss entailed by the death each year of thousands of citizens

who are needlessly torn from their friends, from society, from positions of honor and usefulness in the state by the ruthless hand of preventable disease.

In view of these facts, it is too painfully apparent to need special emphasis that the protection of its citizens from the ravages of preventable maladies is one of the most important economies to which the attention of a great state can be directed, and that no department of the public service is of greater consequence to the material interests of the state than that devoted to the public health.

The most effectual means of combating diseases which are not the result of unavoidable causes is by the wide diffusion among the masses of the people of knowledge respecting the nature of preventable diseases and the best means of prevention, as well as the principles of general hygiene, by which all maladies may be in a great degree prevented.

Youth's Department.

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

James Miller was a man of wide culture and high ideals, but was careless of the common concerns of life; thus when an unknown heart affection cut him off suddenly his orphan daughter was left to face the world in a penniless condition. She had come to Boston in the spring of the year with a few cents in her purse—all she possessed in the world—but with a heart determined to fight bravely her own battle, and to pay off, if possible, some debt still remaining in Melvin. For such a task she was not altogether unequipped, having received a first-class musical education, which she now intended putting to proof. For a few months before the summer vacations she had been fortunate in securing a temporary post in a young ladies' school, but when the new session began her services were no longer required, and, tho she applied in every direction for music pupils or musical engagements, her efforts

were wholly unsuccessful. Naturally she was a brave, high-spirited girl, but the desperate battle she had fought during the past three months had left her hopeless and despairing. She looked her twenty-five years to the full as she sat bent over the fire, her large mournful brown eyes fixed on the smouldering embers, and her sweetly-outlined face pale and weary with thought. Suddenly the loud clanging of bells fell on the evening air—the bells of the church summoning its members to worship. Startled from her thoughts, Madge shrugged her shoulders impatiently, and the next moment her eyes welled up with tears, and her lips moved in a half-articulate prayer—

"Oh, God, save me from bitterness and unbelief. Give me some little joy to be thankful for, even as other, on this holy Sabbath evening."

The words had scarcely found utterance when steps outside her sitting room door made her spring to her feet, and in another moment Mrs. Mayor, her well-

intentioned landlady bustled in. "A letter for you, Miss!" she exclaimed, holding up the missive with a self-satisfied smile. As soon as the door closed behind Mrs. Mavor, Madge drew her letter from her pocket with feverish haste, and scanned the unknown handwriting on the envelope. It bore the Boston postmark, and with a faint hope that it might be an answer to a modest advertisement she had inserted in the evening paper, she broke the seal. It ran thus:

"Mill Street.

"Mrs. Coalson having been disappointed at the last in securing a pianist for a private dance tomorrow evening, at eight o'clock, she writes to ask if Miss Miller is still disengaged. Mrs. Coalson will be obliged by an immediate answer in person."

The words were stiff and formal enough, yet they sent the lifeblood rushing thru Madge's veins. Here, at the very moment of its utterance, was an answer to her prayer. Without loss of time she dressed herself and set out for Mill street. There had been a heavy fall of snow in the afternoon, but the skies were now clear and starry, and a radiant moon rode over the white roofs and chimney-stalks, showing the town in a truly winter aspect. A walk of half an hour brought her to Mrs. Coalson's door, and she was admitted at once to that lady's presence. She was alone in her beautiful, spacious drawing-room, and on Madge's name being announced she rose and greeted her with great frankness. "I am thankful to see you," she exclaimed. "The girls were so anxious about tomorrow evening they could scarcely make up their minds to fulfill tonight's engagement; but I persuaded them to go, saying you would be certain to turn up, and I do hope, now that you have come, that you will suit our requirements. You have testimonials, of course; but I never place much faith in such. I have been too often deceived. I prefer a personal interview always. Would you be good enough to sit down and play over one or two waltzes and quadrilles?"

"Assuredly," Madge at once responded,

scarcely able to check a smile at the lady's garrulousness.

"You will find plenty of music there; my girls are so very musical," continued Mrs. Coalson.

"Thank you," Madge returned again, "but as a rule I play without music," and seating herself at the grand piano, she began to run her fingers over the keys. She had the soul of a true musician, and as the finely-tuned instrument responded to her delicate touch she became almost oblivious of her surroundings.

"Charming! Delightful! I ask no further testimonial from you than the rendering of these pieces," exclaimed Mrs. Coalson, enthusiastically.

"After all, Herr Frater's little indiscretions will be no misfortune to us."

Tho inwardly disposed to regard Herr Frater's little indiscretions as a matter for thankfulness, Madge agreed that it was certainly very shocking, and after making a few final arrangements with Mrs. Coalson, she took her departure. In her present uplifted mood she keenly enjoyed the walk thru the quiet moonlit streets of the east end, and purposely chose the longest way home. She was walking leisurely round the gardens in Charlotte Square, when her eyes suddenly fell on some object in the snow, and, stooping down, she saw that it was a lovely bunch of Christmas Roses framed in a delicate setting of maidenhair fern. "Christmas roses! Oh! how exquisitely sweet!" she exclaimed to herself, and, lifting them, shook them free of the snow, which was no whiter than the blossoms themselves.

"Some one must have dropped them, yet there is no one in sight; and I may as well take them as let them lie there and die."

She paused beneath an electric light to inspect them more closely, and as she looked a rush of tender memories filled her heart. The old garden at Melvin had been famed for its Christmas roses, and as the season came round year after year she had been wont to pluck great bunches of the snowy blossoms, sometimes scarcely knowing how to dispose of

them all, they grew in such luxuriance. At that moment she heard steps in the snow, and, looking up, she saw a gentleman making his approach hastily. He was young and handsome of figure—that was the most she noted—except that he seemed to regard her with some curiosity as he passed by. She was seized with a momentary feeling of uneasiness that the roses might be his, but on second thought concluded that such could not be the case, as he had come in the opposite direction. So she pursued her way onward, holding the roses in a firm grasp, and glancing at them again and again with quiet joy, yet little dreaming that they were the first link between the present and the golden days the future held in store.

II.

Before seven o'clock next evening Madge adorned herself in a black lace gown, which she had not worn since she left Melvin, and, glancing at the roses arranged in a glass dish on the cabinet, it struck her that a cluster of them would do much in the way of relieving the sombreness of her attire; so with deft and artistic fingers she made a lovely spray of the roses and maidenhair, and fastened them in the bosom of her gown. She had promised to be at Mill street before eight o'clock for the purpose of discoursing music while the guests assembled. Being thus occupied, Madge did not observe the various guests as they assembled; all she was conscious of was that the room was gradually filling up with a gay throng of young men and maidens, and punctual to the hour the music for the first dance was requested. The time seemed to pass very quickly, and, tho Madge was not otherwise weary of her task, her fingers began to ache a little with the constant exercise. About ten o'clock, however, Mrs. Coalson came up and suggested that she should go down stairs for some refreshment, her nephew having undertaken to supply the music during her absence. Mrs. Coalson saw her comfortably seated in the dining room. There were several young ladies and gentlemen seated in odd corners about the room, dis-

coursing in a lively fashion while they refreshed themselves with the table eatables. A solitary feeling stole over Madge as she sat alone watching their gaiety. But only a few minutes had passed when a little old lady appeared in the doorway and glanced all round the room till her eyes lit on Madge; then she came straight towards her. "I have been waiting all evening to speak with you, my dear," she said in the kindest of voices, and beamed on Madge the sweetest smile she had ever seen on an old lady's face. "These young folks upstairs are such tireless dancers," she continued, "you had never a moment's respite from the piano, and, tho I was sitting doing nothing myself, I was afraid to come and speak in case I might disturb you. She drew a breath and sat down beside Madge as she finished this speech; then without waiting for any responses other than the grateful light in Madge's eyes, she went on again—"You will not set me down as curious, I hope, if I ask whether you are a stranger in Boston? Something in your face reminded me of an old friend and your name, too, is familiar."

"Yes, I am a comparative stranger," replied Madge. "I came to the town nine months ago, when my father died."

"James Miller, who lived at Melvin?" added the old lady, her words falling with startling clearness on Madge's ears.

"How do you know my father's name," she faltered in surprise.

"I do not know it for certain. I have merely guessed at it," returned the old lady.

"You are indeed, then, the daughter of my old friend, May Anderson—James Miller's wife?"

"Yes; that was my mother's name," said Madge, softly; "but I never knew her. She died when I was a mere child."

"Ah, I thought I could not be mistaken!" exclaimed the old lady, laying a soft hand on Madge's while her bright eyes glistened with tears.

"Many, many years ago May Anderson and I were at school together; no friends were ever so close, so intimate as we, yet when she married late in life, as you;

know, we somewhat drifted apart. You can guess with what anxiety I have waited this evening for certain proof that you were May Anderson's daughter, and now, when I see your face closely, I fear you have suffered many cares and hardships during the past months; there are lines written here which should not be in the face of one so young."

"It is almost more than I can bear to hear you speak thus to me," said Madge in tremulous tones. "I have been so friendless and lonely ever since I left dear Melvin. Yes, I have had a terrible struggle, and till this engagement here was put into my hands unexpectedly, I did not know where to turn for help. It has been the first ray of light in the dark for many, many weeks!"

"Hush, child, do not think of it any longer," added the old lady tenderly. "I feel strongly that Heaven has something to do with our meeting here tonight, and if it lies in my power at all, these days of darkness you speak of are over forever. But this is neither the time or the place to discuss such matters. My son has taken your place upstairs, and as soon as you are ready, we might go up, and I shall introduce you."

A few minutes later they went upstairs together, and when the old lady had found a seat for her near the piano she stepped up to her son, who was busy playing a waltz for the dancers, and whispered something in his ear. He did not pause in his playing, but gave his head a suggestive little nod, as if he found much satisfaction in her words, and while he played to the end of the waltz, Madge availed herself of the opportunity of studying him carefully. There was everything in his appearance to suggest relationship with the little old lady, only his figure was tall and loosely knit, whereas hers was small and compact. His face wore the same keen, alert look; his cheeks had a touch of the same ruddy hue, and, tho he did not seem much above thirty, the shock of hair rising upright from his broad, intellectual forehead was plentifully sprinkled with grey. Whenever the signal was given that the waltz-

ers were tired out, he jumped with alertness from the piano stool and came towards his mother and Madge.

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Miller," he said, using a formal speech, which did not seem to fall naturally from his lips, and after a moment's survey of her face his grey eyes with an odd expression in their depths, rested on the cluster of roses in the bosom of her gown.

"You have not hurried yourself, I hope;" he then added, "I can easily take your place again, and let you rest a little longer."

"By no means," returned Madge, feeling a slight constraint beneath the keen glances of the young man's eyes. "I can play a long time without feeling tired—indeed, I prefer to play rather than sit idle."

Very soon the call came for another set of quadrilles, and tho she played on with seemingly unabated zeal, Madge's thoughts were no longer in her work, but wholly absorbed in the little old lady and the young man with the enigmatical expression on his face. The clock had just struck twelve when the little old lady came to her again.

"I am going home now, dear," she whispered in Madge's ear, fearing to interrupt the flow of music, "but you must call on me tomorrow without fail. Here is my address; good-bye."

Dropping a card on the keyboard, she flitted away as hastily as she had come, and, tho unable to pause in her playing, Madge managed to read the address. It was strangely familiar, but she remembered at once where she had seen it before. The same name was inscribed on a favorite volume of poems, treasured because it had been her mother's, and often during the past months of loneliness Madge had wondered who Mrs. Allan Stewart had been, or if it was possible that she was still in the land of the living.

III.

"You had no difficulty in finding the house I hope, dear. Do you know, I have

been quite anxious for the last hour in case you should not come—my own folly, of course. I began to look for you far too soon."

These were the words with which Mrs. Stewart greeted Madge when she stepped into her drawing room the following afternoon.

"No. 3 Peel Row is easily found," replied Madge, smiling at the old lady's anxiety to see her comfortably seated. "I purposely waited a little longer in case you might want a nap after last night's fatigue."

"How thoughtful of you, dear, but I never do sleep during the day," was the immediate response. "You are not feeling tired yourself, I hope. It would be one o'clock this morning before you got home?"

"Instead of feeling tired, it is a long time since I felt so well," Madge answered cheerfully. "It was such a pleasant change having something to do after the long idleness I have endured, and I am buoyed up with the hope that last night's engagement may lead on to something else."

"Of course it will, my dear—in fact, I have made almost sure of it," said the old lady with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "I sent Allan out this morning with a letter to an old friend of mine who has a private school for young ladies in Sharon, having heard from her privately only the other day that she would require a new music mistress very soon. Her niece has filled the post for some years, but it seems she is to be married early in the spring. Of course, I gave you a splendid recommendation, and asked for an immediate answer, which Allan brought back with him. You are to go out tomorrow morning to see Miss Grubb, so you cannot accuse me of losing any time on your behalf!"

"How can I ever thank you enough!" exclaimed Madge, leaning forward and gazing with soft luminous eyes into the old lady's face. At that moment the door opened, and Allan Stewart walked in with a somewhat guilty expression on his face.

"Good afternoon, Miss Miller; I hope

you will forgive this intrusion. It was partly because you were here I risked coming in."

Madge made some smiling response, and as she did so thought, for the second time, that Allan Stewart's eyes rested curiously on the Christmas rose she had fastened in the buttonhole of her coat. The evening passed like a dream, full of deep delight and joy, for never, even in the old days at Melvin, had she tasted the pleasure of such congenial society. The next morning saw her appointed music mistress in the young ladies' school at Sharon, and she was to enter on her duties after the New Year recess. The New Year dawned bright and full of hope, and not the least of the blessings for which Madge was daily thankful were the true friends she had found at No. 3 Peel Row. So the months passed on till one evening in the end of October the friendship with one of these friends reached an unexpected crisis.

Madge had been visiting at Peel Row, and, tho Allan Stewart was not home from his law office, she met him at the corner of the street, whereupon he insisted on turning back and seeing her into a Sharon car, her lodgings being now out in that direction. It was a dark, starless night, with a snell bite in the wind which made Madge draw her furs closely about her.

"A bitter night, isn't it?" exclaimed Allan. "One almost smells snow in the air, and it is a trifle early for it yet—not that I mind much tho it does come. I have not the abhorrence of snow I once had. Something which happened in the end of December last year mitigated my feelings of dislike. You can't guess what it was?"

"How could I?" she returned, gaily, never for a moment dreaming what was in his thoughts.

"Just this," he went on, his voice taking a strange deep undertone. "It was out in the snow I saw you for the first time. Perhaps you can recall the occasion. You were standing beneath an electric light in Charlotte Square looking at a bunch of Christmas roses you had

found in the snow!"

"It was you who passed them," she exclaimed. "Oh, I remember them all now, and you looked at me so oddly. I feared afterwards the roses might be yours."

"And so they were," he answered quietly. "I was taking them home to my mother, but dropped them somehow, and when you saw me I was on my way back searching for them. Of course, when I saw them in the possession of a young lady who seemed so charmed with them that she was even pressing them to her lips, I would have had the heart of a monster had I demanded my property. I thought I had seen the last of my Christmas roses, but Fate had arranged otherwise, for when I stepped into my aunt's dining room next evening who should I see but the same young lady, wearing a bunch of the roses she had found in the snow."

"Oh, I wish you had asked them back at the first," said Madge in blank tones. "It makes me feel ashamed yet to think that I was wearing your roses, and that you knew it."

"I am sorry you feel ashamed," he returned eagerly. "I have been so proud every since that you wore my roses, and have been dreaming constantly of late of a time when you would perhaps wear them again. Madge, don't you begin to understand me a little? I have loved you ever since I saw your face beneath the light in Charlotte Square, and have tried patiently all these months to win your love. I want you so much, and at once. It seems needless for either of us to wait any longer. The season of Christmas roses will soon be here; will you wear them again, Madge—as my bride?"

"It is so unexpected," she said tremulously, but she let her hand remain in his firm, tender grasp, and when, the next moment, she raised her brown eyes to his he had no doubt of her answer.

"Yet, Allan, either for love of the Christmas roses or for you, I cannot refuse to wear them again."

HENRY NICOL ADAMSON.

American Fork, Utah.

Wisdom in Wit.

THREE TRUSTS.

Three great trusts in Gotham
Watered their stocks immense,
If our trust-buster'd been stronger,
They be there no longer.

OLD KING COLE.

Old King Coal
Was a sordid old soul,
A sordid old soul was he.
He hoisted the price
Not once, twice, but thrice,
And tittered in ghoulish glee.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor dog some meat.
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare,
For the beef trust had cleaned it complete.

—The Commoner.

SPRATT AND WIFE.

Jack Spratt could find no fat,
His wife could find no lean;
Because the trust in meat, you see,
Appeared upon the scene.

So Jack Spratt lived on hope,
His wife lived, too, on air,
Because the meat trust day by day
Had done them up for fair.

—Selected.

Don't take the compliments paid you too seriously. A girl who has been told that she recites pathetic pieces with the artist's sob in her throat, will go east to study, tho her mother really needs her on wash days and her father can't afford the money!

O jealousy! thou magnifier of trifles!
—Schiller.

Our Boys and Girls.

CHRISTMAS IN A COUNTRY HOME.

By Katie Grover.

"Little folks," said papa, as he and mamma entered the room where the children were playing—all but eleven-year-old Nellie, who was off in a corner with her back to the others, making Christmas presents—"little folks, listen. Mamma and I have been thinking about poor Aunt Norah, who lives so far away, and we would like very much to send her the money to come and spend Christmas with us, if you are willing to do without any Christmas presents. Now, decide, shall Santa Claus give us the money to send for Aunt Norah and Georgie, or would you rather he brot you your usual Christmas books and games?"

Hesitation and disappointment were written upon each little face, then Charlie said, very slowly:

"I don't see how I can get along without the 'Youth's Companion' next year, papa."

"And I've been waiting ever so long for Christmas to come, so Santa Claus would bring me a dollie," pouted May.

"Sana Kaus b'ing me dollie," lisped baby, climbing upon papa's knee.

"Let's have auntie come," came from the corner. "I did want 'Little Women' this Christmas," and Nellie sighed, then went on with a smile, "but, O, how delightful to have auntie here! I am willing, papa."

"Well," and Charlie drew a long breath, "I guess I am, too."

"Me, too," echoed baby, putting her little arms about her papa's neck. "Me, loves 'ou, papa, me, too."

"Why is May crying? What is the matter, little girl?"

"I want her to come," sobbed May, "but I want a doll, too."

She rushed out of the room before anyone could say a word. Papa kissed the children, pronounced them unselfish darlings, then put on his hat.

"I am to send for Aunt Norah, then?" he queried, as mamma followed him to the door. "I hate to disappoint the children."

"They will be all the happier," mamma replied, "if required to make this sacrifice. I have a few things already for them. I made Charlie a new overcoat out of your old one, and each of the girls a dress out of my old ones. Nellie, dear little puss, has made them all a pair of mittens, and hemmed some handkerchiefs. We shall do famously without the usual candy and nuts, too, for we have pop-corn, apples, and I will make some candy."

"Dear little mother," kissing her fondly. "No matter how little we have to get along with, you always manage to make both ends meet."

"We are perfectly happy, dearest, and that is all I ask."

"And have the sweetest children in the world," he added, as he kissed her once more, and then hastened away to his work.

This was only a poor working living in the country, but tho he was poor and had to work early and late, he was happy and hopeful, for there was always a sweet cheery face to greet him when he returned home at night, and four wee treasures at the window watching for papa. They were such a happy, contented little family, and the secret of all their happiness was that the goddess of love ruled their hearth. No harsh words, no contentions, or misunderstandings between husband and wife, and the same delightful peace and congeniality was seen among their little ones.

The day before Christmas Aunt Norah and Georgie arrived. The latter was a handsome little fellow with large brown eyes and curly hair.

"Isn't he pretty," exclaimed a struggle looks just like a little to be curls." we must climb for,

"Ike a 'ittle upon life's tree. baby.

en, what lies before thee,
"Ain't like satisfied 'till thou,
flashing eyes, climbed and plucked the Apple,
mamma and ig on the topmost bough."

"I think he looks like a little man," and mamma stroked his curly head, and put a large red apple in his hand.

Then Charlie took him down to the barn to see the Jersey cows and their tiny calves, the horses, the chickens, and the big turkey gobbler which papa was even now trying to catch.

"Ain't he a whopper?" shouted Charlie. "We're going to eat him for dinner tomorrow. We'll help you catch him, papa."

Meanwhile mamma and auntie had sat down for a few minutes to talk over old times.

"You remember when we were little girls," said auntie, "and the mischief and fun we used to have. I often think of how we would get together and feel bad for all those who were dead, and one day we really did get to crying in earnest. Then mother came in, and how plagued we were when she made us tell what we were crying about."

"Yes, and then you know that other time when you all went to the city and left me home with Aunt Martha, and Tom came in and got me to taste a brown powder which he had, and then told me that it was strychnine. Aunt had gone off to spend the day, and I was nearly frantic. I thought my last hour had come, but scrubbed my mouth out with soap and water, and then sat down and wrote my farewell message to mother and aunt. Then, after that good-for-nothing rascal had me frightened almost to death he said that it was nothing but maple sugar which he had given me."

Their eyes shone and their faces grew young and girlish again as they recalled their youthful pranks. Then mamma went lously, buying and Aunt Norah sat down firm, tender girl's boy a new suit of moment, she raised Charlie's old ones. he had no doubt of her Georgie some mit-

"Yet, Allan, either fog him a scrap Christmas roses or for yo. fuse to wear them again."

around the
HENRY NICOL Alopped corn,
American Fork, Utah. en it came

Georgie's turn he stood up very straight and said:

"Once there was a great big man with whiskers, and he loved his mamma ever so much, and his hair was just as short and straight as—as anything, and that man is me when I get growned up."

They all laughed, his mamma kissed him, and now it was time for baby to tell her little story. She looked at Georgie, smiled on him and then lisped:

"We want to be a date big man, too, like Dorgie, with turls just as st'aight as anyfing."

Now it was time for them to go to bed; but first they had to sing their kindergarten songs for Aunt Norah, and baby and May lisped their little prayer at mamma's knee. Then all but Nellie ran away to bed, and the older folks sat down to spend a pleasant evening. In the midst of their conversation the door opened abruptly, and May and baby rushed in full of excitement.

"Papa, both Charlie and Georgie say there isn't any Santa Claus at all."

"No San'a Kaus a' all," from baby.

"Yes there is my darlings. I saw him only today, and he says that May and Ina and Nellie are the dearest little girls in this house," and papa took them both in his arms and whispered something which seemed to please them greatly. He carried them back and tucked them snugly in their little bed, scolded Charlie just a little, then came back.

"Papa, how many girls have you?" asked mischievous Nellie, as she came up behind him and put her arms around his neck.

"Four, with mamma," he promptly replied.

"And do I come in last?" this from mamma, rather reproachfully.

"Yes, sweetheart, both first and last and in between."

He read to them from Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth" for a while, then it was time to make ready for Santa Claus. There was a nice evergreen tree which papa had gone to the canyon for himself and kept it a secret from the

children. He brought it into the room and fastened it down, then tied the apples on, while the others decorated it with popcorn and hung on the children's new clothes, and various other little trifles made by Nellie and May. There were dolls for May and baby hanging in the top of the tree, a book for Georgie, and several other things which mamma brought out after Nellie had gone to bed.

"I am glad that we were able to get our darlings just what they wanted most, after all," said papa, as he put Nellie's longed-for "Little Women" on the tree. "What matters it if we did have to stint ourselves a little in order to do it. They deserve it, bless them!"

What need to tell of the joyful surprise next morning when the children got up and saw that Santa Claus really had come after all. They clapped their hands and shouted and screamed with delight.

"Papa, mamma! Santa Claus did come, anyway," they cried, all rushing into the bed-room.

Papa smiled, kissed their eager little faces, then said: "Yes, my darlings, Santa Claus came because you were so willing to give up everything. He always has to come to good children, you know." K. G.

MOTHER'S COMFORT.

I know a little girlie,
With loving eyes so blue,
And lips just made for smiling,
And heart that's kind and true.
She wears no dainty dresses,
No jewels does she own;
But the greatest of all treasures
Is her little self alone.

Her name is "Mother's comfort,"
For all the livelong day
Her busy little fingers
Help mother's cares away.
The sunshine loves to glisten
And hide in her soft hair,
And dimples chase each other
About her cheeks so fair.

Oh, this darling little girlie,

With the diamonds in her eyes,
Makes in mother's heart a sunshine
Better far than floods the skies!
But the name that suits her better,
And makes her glad eyes shine,
Is the name of "Mother's Comfort,"
This little treasure, mine.

—Selected.

WHO WILLIAM IS.

When William clears the table,
And carries out each plate,
And piles the cups and saucers,
He says his name is Kate!

And when he dons his overcoat
And mitts and leggings trim,
And sallies forth to carry wood,
Why, then his name is Jim!

But when he dresses in his best,
With collar stiff and white,
To promenade upon the street,
He's William Horace Dwight!
—Little Men and Women.

AN APPLE AND A MORAL.

By Elizabeth Ruggles.

One day we were in the orchard
Shaking apples from a tree,
When a sturdy little laddie
With this question came to me:

"Can you tell me why the apples
That we don't want always drop,
While the very ones we long for
Stay way up there at the top?"

And I answered: "If all apples
Without effort were obtained,
We'd ne'er know the joy of climbing,
Nor how victories are gained.

"What we have without a struggle
Of less value seems to be
Than the apple we must climb for,
Hanging high upon life's tree.

"Gather, then, what lies before thee,
Nor be satisfied 'till thou,
Too, hast climbed and plucked the Apple,
Hanging on the topmost bough."

A WEATHER RHYME.

When the weather is wet,
 We must not fret;
 When the weather is cold,
 We must not scold;
 When the weather is dry,
 We must not cry;
 When the weather is warm,
 We must not storm.
 But be thankful together
 Whatever the weather.

—Selected.

JOHNNY'S PA.

My pa always went to school,
 He says, and studied hard;
 Why, when he's just as old as me,
 He knew things by the yard!
 Arithmetic? He knew it all,
 From the dividend to sum;
 But when he tells me how it was,
 My grandma says, "Hum!"

My pa always got the prize
 For never being late;
 And when he studied geography
 He knew about every state;
 He says he knew the rivers and
 Knew all their outs and ins.
 But when he tells me all of that,
 My grandma just sits and grins.

My pa never missed a day
 A-going to the school,
 And never played hookey, nor
 Forgot the teacher's rule;
 And every class he was ever in
 The rest he always led.
 My grandma, when pa talks that way,
 Just laughs, and shakes her head.

My grandma says that boys are boys,
 The same as pas are pas,
 And when I ask her what she means
 She says it is "because."
 She says that little boys are best
 When they grow up to men,
 Because they know how good they were
 And tell their children then.

—Baltimore American.

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THESE OFFERS EXPIRE JANUARY 15, 1905.

—C—
TWO VIEWS OF IT.

An old farm house with pastures wide,
Sweet with flowers on every side,
A restless lad who looks from our
The porch, with woodbine twined about,
Wishes a thought from in his heart:
Oh, if I could only depart
From this dull place the world to see,
Ah, me! how happy I would be.

Amid the city's ceaseless din,
A man who around the world has been,
Who amid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, wishing all day long;
Oh, could I only tread once more
The field path to the farmhouse door;
The old green meadows could I see,
Ah, me! how happy would I be.

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